TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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## Around Town.

No more kindly expression of good will has marked the proceedings of the Ontario Legislature than the almost unanimous vote to increase the emoluments of Premier Mowat and Mr. Meredith. It was so great a surprise to the province that both the Premier and the leader of the Opposition were wise in refusing to accept the amount voted them. People are apt to suspect the propriety of the many measures which are rushed through in the last hours of a session, and this would be particularly true when money is being voted by a body to itself or to any of its members without discussion either in or out of the House. There can be no doubt that five thousand dollars a year is much too small a sum to recompense

Three Empire Builders: Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada.

any man with sufficient ability to act as premier of this province. I am by no means a worshipper of the Hon. Oliver Mowat but he is a man of great tact and ability, he apparently enjoys the confidence of the majority of the people of this province, and as he could make more money in the practice of his profession he should be properly paid for the discharge of the arduous and responsible task which has been imposed upon him. Seven thousand dollars a year would not be a penny too much, and it would be much better for the province to pay this directly instead of giving a fat office to his son in order to reward the father. Giving young Mowat the shrievalty of Toronto was an indefensible job, a piece of nepotism unequalled in the history of this province, which as a precedent may do great harm and as a fragment of history cannot fail to tarnish the reputation of our "Christian politician." If the Legislature had declared that Mr. Mowat's salary should be ten thousand dollars a year, I for one should have made no protest. Our public men should be properly paid and not driven in their old age to such measures as the one I have mentioned.

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The proposal to pay Mr. Meredith two thousand dollars a year as leader of the Opposition was unprecedented, yet there is not a member of the Legislature who is unaware of the fact that Mr. Meredith is the most useful and hard-working member of the House, not excepting any member of the government. I believe it will be admitted that he has had more effect on legislation, has done more to shape the course of government and to put into proper form bills which have become law than any man in the House, not excepting the Premier himself. He is so eminently fair that his friends sometimes complain that he refuses to take those tactical advantages of his opponents which politicians claim to be necessary to success. His course has been truly patriotic. What he thought to be for the good of the province he accepted, and he always assisted in framing the measure to such an extent that his suggestions could hardly be called criticisms. The duties of the leader of the Opposition are scarcely less responsible than those of the Premier. The labor during the session is quite as great, yet custom forbids the payment of the man who does all this hard work, and good taste and the conscientiousness which are, and have been, so conspicuous in Mr. Meredith's career forbade him to accept it.

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The proposal to increase the idemnity of the members from six to eight hundred dollars per session was made at a moment when it seemed as if advantage were being taken of a wave of generous feeling towards the two leaders. Some of the members are worth eight hundred dollars a session to the province, others would be dear at eighty cents. On an average six hundred dollars is enough. No man should go into politics who is not prepared to sacrifice something, and the money now paid the members is not as a salary but to idemnify them from loss. Their time they are supposed to give to the province. Six hundred dollars ought to pay their board bills and railway fares. Under any circumstances an increase of the indemnity should be voted by the House just before dissolution and not immediately after an election. It would be perfectly proper for a legislature before it goes to the country to vote an increase in the indemnity of those who could obtain no advantage of it without the consent of their constituents. If the thing is to be done let it be done decently for the benefit of their successors or themselves if they succeed themselves. If it is done any other way it will be nothing but a salary grab.

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While talking about politics I notice that Mr. Hazen, who represents the city of St. John in the House of Commons, has made quite a reputation for himself as mover of the address. He is scarcely thirty years of age and his candidature was the work of the Young Liberal Conservatives, who asked the privilege of nominating one of the three candidates. The Young Liberal Conservatives of Toronto should have been given a similar privilege, and I doubt not they could have chosen from their number a dozen men who could have made a better impression in Parliament than has been made by any of our present representatives. I noticed at their recent banquet that not a single representative of Toronto was present. The young men have always been called upon to do a great deal of the hard work, not only in the city but the county and throughout the country. For this they barely receive a formal "thank you" from those who most profit by their labor and it would be thought presumptuous if one of their number asked for a city nomination. The old heads want all the good things that are going, all the offices that are to be passed around, and all the honors that are to be had, and yet they expect young fellows to do nearly all the work. Some of the brightest young men in the city are members of the association and the organization has sufficient energy and influence to change this order of things just as soon as they decide to undertake the task.

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It appears that our expensive city solicitor has been forgetful of a chance to make the city twenty thousand dollars which might have been collected from those holding liquor licenses. It is useless to blame it on the city clerk or any of his staff, who under our present beautiful system cannot be expected to know anything until they are told. The city ought to procure a caretaker to keep our costly town lawyer out of the rain.

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Some four years ago City Solicitor McWilliams told me there was one thing he proposed to do, even if he never did anything else by which he would be remembered, and that was to destroy the present ward system. He said that the jangling and log rolling caused by the present division of the city made it exceedingly hard for him and easy for corrupt aldermen, "But," said he, "if I can get the city redistricted, what will give me more satisfaction than anything else will be the turning out of the present school board with its Orange-Methodist combination and thus affording the citizens a chance to replace it with a better class of men." During the intervening years I have watched Mr. McWilliams' quiet work, and he and John Leys have been indefatigable in their efforts to bring about this change, and to them I imagine the credit is due, though others were used and various methods adopted to secure the desired end.

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It is to be hoped the citizens will realize, when the municipal elections come around, that they have an unusual opportunity to return to private life the useless members of the council and the school board. It cannot be said that Toronto is miserly in supporting her schools, nor can it be urged that the men to whom the task has been allotted have been of calibre equal to the responsibilities laid upon them. It is a pity that the High School Board was not reorganized at the same time. It contains as at present constituted many good men, but is out of touch with the people, and the old combinations could be broken up there with profit to the city. I wonder that the fine hand of Mr. McWilliams and the persistent energy with which he has worked for a reorganization passed over this necessary reform. Possibly he had no old scores to settle with that august body.

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The election of Mr. Flett in St. George's ward indicates the desire of the citizens to bring new blood into the council. Old-timers who followed their prejudices and were more careful of their so-called consistency than they were of the public good, have little chance to travel on their records in these latter days. Nothing much could be said against Mr. Maughan except that he had ample opportunity to do something and had never done it. If the right kind of spirit existed throughout the city, municipal coursers who have been in every race and have never succeeded in winning anything would be taken back to the stable and kept there.

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Simultaneously with the *expose* of the doings of private detectives in New Orleans as jury bribers, a petition has been read in parliament asking that it be made a criminal offence to establish such institutions here. Private detective agencies are no doubt valuable to commercial institutions who desire to keep a watch on their employees, but they are more frequently blackmailing affairs than social safeguards. It is not intended to reflect on many clever men who are in the business, both in Toronto and elsewhere, but to speak of this class of spies as a rule. Suspicious men sometimes employ detectives of this sort to watch women and foolish women occasionally use them to track a husband, the result almost invariably being the destruction of matrimonial happiness and the enrichment of the detective. It is a business that a man of fine feeling does not care to follow and in the hands of unscrupulous persons it is exceedingly dangerous to the general public as well as to private individuals. Suspicion is often aroused in order that fees may be made, and blackmailing in its coarsest and most destructive forms frequently becomes a portion of the so-called private detective's business. A man who confides his hope of happiness to a coarse and conscienceless detective whose whole training has been to suspect wrong-doing, is likely to make shipwreck of himself, and a woman who employs any such man is apt to be paid in sorrow for her anxiety to know just what any particular man does and where he goes.

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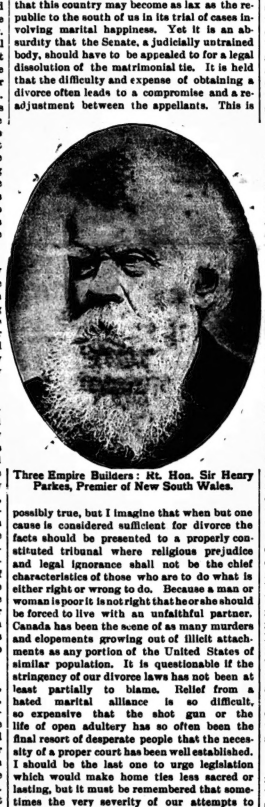
I see that in the Senate a western member has been arguing in favor of a divorce court for Canada. I am aware that nothing is more objectionable to Canadians than the thought that this country may become as lax as the republic to the south of us in its trial of cases involving marital happiness. Yet it is an absurdity that the Senate, a judicially untrained body, should have to be appealed to for a legal dissolution of the matrimonial tie. It is held that the difficulty and expense of obtaining a divorce often leads to a compromise and a readjustment between the appellants. This is



Three Empire Builders: Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales.

possibly true, but I imagine that when but one cause is considered sufficient for divorce the facts should be presented to a properly constituted tribunal where religious prejudice and legal ignorance shall not be the chief characteristics of those who are to do what is either right or wrong to do. Because a man or woman is poor it is not right that he or she should be forced to live with an unfaithful partner. Canada has been the scene of as many murders and elopements growing out of illicit attachments as any portion of the United States of similar population. It is questionable if the stringency of our divorce laws has not been at least partially to blame. Relief from a hated marital alliance is so difficult, so expensive that the shot gun or the life of open adultery has so often been the final resort of desperate people that the necessity of a proper court has been well established. I should be the last one to urge legislation which would make home ties less sacred or lasting, but it must be remembered that sometimes the very severity of our attempts to make marriage an indissoluble tie, reacts with frightful results. If statistics were obtainable showing in the United States and Canada the number of married women who have adopted a vicious life, I am convinced that it would be found that most of them have been driven to open immorality because they could not escape what was hateful to them in any other way. I have seen it stated by reliable writers that divorced women are rarely found living with such a class, and that those who are members of the *demi monde* have been divorced after entering a life of shame which never would have been adopted had they had the means of legally separating themselves from what was obnoxious to them. If, then, this unfortunate and shame-scarred class is largely recruited from the ranks of unhappy married women and from the children of unhappy homes, would it not be better to make divorce easier rather than maintain difficulties which seem so insuperable as to cause moral and social suicide.

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It is easy to say that if divorces were more easily obtainable marriage would be entered into without serious consideration. To answer this one has only for a moment to mentally investigate the causes which lead to the result and it will be found that in an unfortunately large number of cases marriage is entered into for reasons which are as natural as they are indefensible from the best standpoint, and that the whole tide of public opinion is in favor of permitting men and women to enter the marital relation with the slightest possible difficulty. In olden times it was considered wise to obstruct marriages in order that young or foolish people should not hurriedly assume responsibilities, the gravity of which had not impressed them. Bans had to be published in a church in the hope that publicity would prevent improper or hasty alliances. Marriage licenses were obtained with difficulty and at considerable expense. We all know the result. Thoughtful people everywhere observed that the difficulty and expense attendant upon marriage was the cause of a vast deal of immorality, and a revolution in favor of the present system thereupon took place. Now for a couple of dollars and without any publicity a marriage license can be obtained and the government has done everything to facilitate marriage. This principle is not in harmony with the ideas of the opponents of a proper divorce court. If separation for a cause which has been sanctioned by scriptural authority is to be made difficult and expensive in order that men and women may be induced to forgive unfaithfulness and brutality, why should not marriage be made difficult and expensive that such relations be prevented by giving time for thought and investigation? If it is right to grant a divorce for the cause mentioned it is a right which everyone who is sinned against should be able to avail themselves of without the hindrance of a circumlocution office and the expenses attendant upon an act of parliament. If it is right to pass an act of parliament separating two people it is equally right to pass an act of parliament vesting such power in a court which could attend to the duties connected with such a separation in proper form and with small expense both to the general taxpayer and to the individuals concerned.

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Another argument in favor of difficult divorces is that people are often led to make application to a court in a moment of anger and that if such an opportunity were not given them the offender would be forgiven and the marriage not be attacked. This all applies to a court which may entertain any frivolous pretext, but certainly it is not valid when but one reason for separation is entertained. It can hardly be urged that infidelity is or should be forgiven unless both parties have alike sinned. Moreover the argument works both ways. If divorce for this given cause were easy instead of difficult, restraint would be put upon many persons who would be less open in their offences if not more moral in their conduct if the destruction of their home life were impending. After all the whole substance of the matter lies in this, that we have admitted by our legislation that there are reasons sufficient to warrant the granting of a divorce, but with a prudishness which is utterly unreasonable we have refused to provide legal machinery for the proper consideration of such cases. The position of Canada in this matter is absurd. More divorces might be granted if such matters were in the hands of a court, but if the cause were properly defined by statute sufficient reason for dissolving the tie would be demanded yet the result would be that more people would obtain a relief that we have admitted it is right they should obtain, and at less expense. If divorce is right it is right. If it is wrong it is wrong. The country has no right to make the penalty of the unfortunate ones an enormous bill of costs. Those who have been sinned against have enough to suffer without being taxed beyond endurance to obtain separation.

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I occasionally get letters. I have received several during the past week, a half-a-dozen of them congratulating me on having exposed the "carryings-on" of people on a half-a-dozen different streets, all relating to my article on young married women who are inclined to flirt. I can assure these gossipy friends that they are entirely wrong in individualizing as they have done. I admit that I had an individual case in view, but it was one I knew so thoroughly that I took no chances of being unjust. There was no defence to offer that I did not offer, no palliation of the foolish conduct I described. Following is a letter attacking my position on general principles and offering a defence which, to the case quoted, is not applicable.

Three Empire Builders: Hon Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony.

DEAR MR. DON,—I am quite excited over what you wrote in your last Saturday's talk about the beautiful woman who walks with a man who is not her husband. You took it upon yourself to criticize that poor little soul, and from what you write I imagine that the sitting in judgment does not stop with Don himself, but that a comparatively large circle have taken it upon themselves to condemn this man and this woman.

Oh you men, and alas we women, expect so much from woman. Yes, she must be the custodian of her husband's honor, whether that husband makes it worth her while to try to be fine or not. Perhaps the woman you write of has a husband who is neglecting her, perhaps her soul is longing for companionship, perhaps her life is a disappointment and all that was gold has turned to rusted metal. You wrote as though, as a matter of course, this man, her husband, were an angel attired in earthly raiment. How do we ever know what the heart has suffered before the apparent frivolity shows to the world?

You have in the goodness of your heart taken what you consider the proper way to warn this woman that she is taking the steps which lead only to sorrow. But how much better had it been if some kind friend had approached her tenderly and with sincerity and pointed out to her the results of her indiscretion? I fear, if as I believe, that her acceptance of the attentions of another than her husband is the result of neglect, that your advice will avail her nothing now, and that she, alas! will have to go through all the stages of the disorder we call love, which, as the French author says, are desire, possession, satiety. Look to it you men who take into your keeping the holy charge, a woman. Look to it, I say, that your vows are not mere words, and that your lives are daily aids to us to hold fine the name you have given us.

You are right, however, in your accusation of the man who has no care for woman's reputation. Men are singularly careless of how their acts defile the marble or drabble the lily in the dirt. L.

I admit that a letter of this sort from no bright a person as the writer shows herself to be, is wounding. I do not care to be characterized as one who, in company with a number of others, "saw fit to condemn this man and this woman." I dealt in generalities and was trying to say something that would be of use, though my correspondent seems to imagine that I took this covert way of giving advice to a young person I had not the courage to lecture privately. We "newspaper fellers" have much to contend with, and one of the most unpleasant features of our work is the tendency of people to believe that we are always trying to get at somebody, that everything we say, all the things that we reason up to are portions of our experience and intended to wound some defenceless heart which we gally sacrifice in order to have something smart to say. I am not directing myself to the task of rebuking my correspondent, whose letter indicates culture beyond the ignorance which is continually conceiving the idea that he or she, together with his or her friends, monopolize the earth and are the only persons who can possibly be in view when the writer makes any strictures on a certain line of conduct. I was unfortunate enough to write a book once—a story dealing with country life—and now I can scarcely go back to my native township without being congratulated on the fidelity with which I exposed the weakness of some old-time neighbor, or being frowned upon by said neighbor for an unwarrantable attack upon his weaknesses This sort of thing is nearly always unjust. Self-conscious people are the last ones a writer is apt to select as a type. They think so much of themselves that it is impossible for them to develop an original character. It is those who innocently develop and display their peculiarities who are worth studying.

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I shall not deal with the "perhaps" paragraphs in the above letter, because we may "perhaps" ourselves into almost anything. I used a type in which there was no "perhaps." My correspondent has no right to say that I spoke of a woman's husband "as an angel at

tired in earthly raiment." I alluded to nothing except the natural feelings of a man who might be very indifferent otherwise, should he hear his wife's character carelessly spoken of. I sometimes get tired of hearing the "innocence and trustfulness" of "poor little souls" harped upon. Women of the world—by this I mean women who are acquainted with the ways of society, are cultured and traveled—are not so innocent and guileless as to be doubtable when discovered in conspicuous follies. They have more natural tact and knowledge of the springs which make "the wheels go wound" than many of the men who are their seniors in years. But very few of them who have attained their majority are unaware of the consequences of their acts if they are possessed of ordinary intelligence, and I contend that nothing is so destructive of the proper attitude of a man towards a woman as the contention that she doesn't know anything and he must do the thinking for them both. What I intended to demonstrate by my article was the fact that men who are without conscience and reputation are often able to place indiscreet women in such a compromising position that without anything in the nature of an intrigue existing between them, even those who know her and care for her are led to make remarks of which she should never be the cause.

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Another point I desire to call attention to in this connection is the fact that a great many people imagine that a writer arrogates to himself the possession of all the virtues which he lauds. If we speak with enthusiasm of the good and pure we are supposed to be pharisaical enough to claim all the goodness and purity of which we speak. If we write of religion and extol its benefits in uplifting the individual and exalting a nation, narrow minds presume that in this, as in every other case, we are individualizing and must necessarily, to be honest, be possessed of a devoutness so conspicuous as to desire to make ourselves an example to the rest of mankind. If a reference is made to honor or manly courage, the stratagemic eyes of those who sneer at everything take on them a cunning look and wonder how about the writer himself! If a happy or unhappy home life be mentioned, some poor souls cannot conceive of anyone writing about that which is not present and pressing upon the mind and life and surroundings of the writer himself or herself. This tendency to individualize and presume that we are always introspective, always digging into our memory or unearthing our own secrets is a depressing and restraining influence. It is the privilege of everyone to reason from what we know up to that which we do not know. Those who have a knowledge of human nature and who have cultivated it by studying their fellows, may conceive of many score of things and write of them as if they were real life without touching upon their own experience. For instance, a man who has had a happy home life is not debarred from knowing what an unhappy home life would be, for unfortunately he sees it in many of the homes he is privileged to enter. John Howard Payne who wrote Home, Sweet Home, never had a home, yet his pen produced that which has made the rude as well as the cultured weep when, far away from home and friends, they have heard the well known strain. I think it is a good rule in reading as well as in writing not to presume that conversation or composition must be confined to the sorrows which are tearing our hearts, or to the joys which make us gay. If this be observed a thousand misapprehensions may be prevented, and shots which we think are made at us will leave us unharmed. The soldier on the battlefield who thinks the entire force of the enemy are aiming at him and endeavoring to compass his death, will be wounded in every part and finally die of fright. When we get hit and hurt it is a wise thing to quietly go to the hospital and we shall create more sympathy for ourselves by concealing our injuries than by parading them.

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As I suggested last week the Bell Telephone Company, by concessions which should have long since been made, have succeeded in routing their competitors. The other fellows will no doubt feel sore. The Bell people no doubt also feel sore while the citizens feel glad. It is thus that the cruel knocks which business people get are often the source of profit to those who have not been in the fight. It is a wicked, wicked world, yet when men go into business and enter the bull-ring of competition they must remember that somebody must get gored and that public applause is all for the man who kills the bull and not for the one who gets tossed on his horns.

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The debate on the address was a windy and woolly sort of an affair which came to a close long after everybody was exhausted. The Opposition may be in very fine fettle, but if they go into any more such endless, aimless jawing the country will suspect that the back part of their mouth occupies their entire head. What we need in Ottawa, as in our other legislative assemblies, is fewer talkers and more thinkers. If all the members of parliament would be natural and say what they really think a new average would be struck, and the present low standard of thought and conduct would give way to a natural enthusiasm which is now represented by wind. DON.

## Social and Personal.

Among the products of the last half century not one has been in such direct defiance of popular prejudice as the institution of women's clubs. Clubs of wits and diners and high players and litterateurs and sports of all kinds have held their high places in the hearts of the sterner sex, but for the gentler half of creation they were not considered necessary. However, the times have changed and madame has now her club of music, languages, house-lore, dressmaking and athletics, as well as the purely frivolous and social gatherings which one scarcely dares to call the dignified name of "club." In our own Queen City clubs are springing up on every side and madame's leisure time is fully occupied, if she so wills, in the pursuit of knowledge and amusement in the company of her like-minded club mates.

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There are reading clubs whose temerity in attacking the very newest and most burning questions of the hour is only matched by their success in disposing of them to their own entire satisfaction, and sewing clubs where strange-shaped covering for the heathen are manufactured from factory cotton and gray flannel, and there is that delightful dressmaking club where ravishing confections are planned for the undoing of those who are not heathens, and there is a harmony club where sweet sounds in soprano and alto blend more or less harmoniously, and a musical club where the steady old piano and the seductive violin and the determined 'cello are brought to time by white and taper fingers. And into all these clubs man enterets not! Of course there are times when men are useful and even ornamental, and there are hours when a man or two would be a godsend among these purely feminine associations. And let me softly whisper my confession that I would basely vote for them if they wanted to come, but they don't, not any more than we want to enroll ourselves on the books of the smoking or whist or cricket clubs sacred to the lords of creation.

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But there is a common ground which welcomes all and finds for each a place and an amusement. Last year cricket was a common pastime, last winter men and women met weekly and the air was nebulous with fractured French and German. Tennis tournaments called for both sexes, and the latest departure of this kind, the Ladies' Cycling Club, has just arrived on the tapis.

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Ladies who can ride or have decided to take lessons on the wheel are requested to send their names to "Lady Gay," SATURDAY NIGHT Office, that they may be consulted in regard to the formation of a ladies' bicycle club. Several prominent Toronto ladies have signified their interest in the proposed organization and are enjoying in anticipation the delightful runs which they hope to make during the coming summer.

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The cycling costume is very simple and inexpensive, a plain easy-fitting serge or cloth skirt, with a narrow foot pleating about an inch off the ground, a blouse or a natty little coat put on loosely over a shirt waist, the skirt as narrow and plain as can be comfortably worn as folds and superabundant material are only in the way, gauntlet or long suede or chamois gloves, and a tidy little cap and gaiters of the color of the gown.

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The students of St. Michael's College gave a very successful entertainment last Tuesday evening. The proceeds went to the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

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The Government Inspector of Railways, Mr. Thomas Ridout, visited Toronto this week.

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Mr. William Osgoodby, publisher of *The Canadian Queen*, was severely hurt on Tuesday in a collision between his carriage and a street car.

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The Grenadiers lost an able and popular young captain and society circles a well known figure this week, on the sudden death of Captain Forbes Michie. The Regiment attended the funeral on Wednesday at four o'clock, the pall-bearers being Capts. Caston, Harston, Eliot and Gibson, Grenadiers, and Capts. McGee and Brock of the sister regiment. A firing party from the late captain's own company rendered the last tribute to their deceased officer, whose early death causes universal feelings of sorrow and regret to his many friends.

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On Tuesday morning a very pretty wedding was celebrated in St. Luke's church. The bridegroom was Rev. J. K. Godden, curate of Trinity church of Barrie, and the bride Miss Nina M. Ross of Hespeler. Rev. Mr. Godden, B. A., father of the groom and Rev. J. H. Ross, brother of the bride assisted the rector, Rev. Dr. Langtry in the performance of the ceremony.

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Mr. George Rankin of Windsor is visiting in Toronto.

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Colonel Imrie from Japan is in town this week.

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Mr. George C. McGregor, a popular official in the Molson's Bank here, has been appointed manager of the new branch at Calgary, N.W.T. Mr. McGregor's many friends will be glad that his faithful services have been thus substantially recognized. He leaves Toronto shortly to take charge of the new office.

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An exceedingly pretty wedding was celebrated at Port Dover last week, that of Mr. Harry D. Williams, late commodore of the Buffalo Yacht Club, and Miss Louise Caroline Skey, only daughter of Mr. Lawrence Skey of Port Dover. The bride wore a soft rich white silk gown and an immense veil, and her nosegay was of bridal roses. Her train was borne by little Master Curtis and her attendants were Miss Maggie Powell of Toronto and Miss Doonie Chadwick of Simcoe. The groom was supported by Mr. D. Provost. The numerous friends of the fair young bride sent quantities of flowers and ferns to decorate the village church, and Nature was lavish in putting on her fairest sunshine for the happy occasion. The ushers were Messrs. Arthurs, Russell, Douglas Skey and Frank Curtis. Among those who offered congratulations were Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Nelles of Grimsby, Mrs. William Ball of Chatham, Miss Marion Powell of Toronto, Miss Daisey Bates of St. Catharines, Miss Agnes Taylor of Simcoe, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Curtis, Dr. Charles and Miss Kate Grassett of Simcoe, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Bourne of Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Captain Heckles of Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. Williams went direct to New York, and after the honeymoon will make their home in Buffalo, where Mr. Williams practises as a barrister.

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Mrs. Darby of 189 Carlton street gave a delightful evening last week in honor of Miss Steinnett, who is on a visit in Toronto. I am told the newest fashionable amusement of fortune-telling resulted in an hour of great interest to the merry guests, who were surprised at the apt divinations of a sybil of the party. Among those present were Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. White, Miss Richardson and Mr. Stewart.

Last Saturday Miss Frances Smith received a number of friends at afternoon tea at her father's (Hon. Frank Smith) handsome and spacious residence on Bloor street east. Lovely flowers, sweet music, pretty dresses and dainty viands combined to make it a most enjoyable gathering. Amongst those present were: Miss Alice Barker of Hamilton, Mrs. and the Misses Arthurs, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Helena O'Keefe, the Misses Seymour, Miss Meredith, Miss Hodgins, Miss Hugel, the Misses Pope, Mrs. Gamble, Miss Drayton, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Rooney, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Mrs. Chas. Riordan, Mrs. Lynn, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Nanno Hughes, Miss Wilkie, Mrs. Myles, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. C. Beverley Robinson, jr., Messrs. Bristol, Hodgins, Botte, Beatty, Brock, Major Harrison, Stuart Morrison, G. P. Magann, W. Coulson, Hector, J. D. Hay, McLennan, D. R. Wilkie and Fraser Macdonald.

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Hill Crest, the beautiful residence of Alderman Robert Wilson of Brampton, was the scene of a most joyous and festive gathering on Friday evening May 1, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. The occasion was celebrated by a host of friends, over eighty being present. The large and commodious house was comfortably filled with the *elite* of the town and friends from other places. The high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are held was justly shown by the very many lovely and costly gifts showered upon them. Among the list of those present were the following: Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Mr. A. McCulla ex-M. P. and Mrs. McCulla, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Sheriff and Mrs. Brodeley, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Stork, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Peaker, Mr. and Mrs. Blain, Dr. and Mrs. Mullin, Dr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Lowes, Mr. and Mrs. Jessop, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Bruskey, Mrs. John Coyne, Mrs. C. Stork, Mrs. Baine, the Misses Kate Haggert, Jennie McClelland, Susie McClelland, M. J. Walsh, B. Walsh, Aggie Mullin, G. Mullin, L. McCulla, M. McCulla, E. Mitchell, Belle Mitchell, E. Anderson, Minnie Baine, Maud Baine, E. Crawford, M. Bannister, Miss Scott, Georgina Homer, Miss Corbitt of Kingston, and Messrs. Robert Haggert, D. Lahey, W. B. McCulla, John McCulla, D. H. Chisholm, W. W. Stork, Thos. Elliott, Ed. Bannister, Will Mullin, Bert Mullin, Will Scott, Walter S. Morphy, J. Crawford, John Huxley, W. R. Loosemore. With such a happy party as the above named assembled under one roof and on such an occasion, one can easily imagine with what vigor they would one and all enter into an evening's mirth and pleasure. The large ball-room was thrown open and at once taken possession of. No sooner had the sweet strains from the excellent quadrille band struck up than many happy couples were floating away in the mazy waltz and dancing was indulged in to the heart's content. At midnight supper was served, after which dancing and fun were the ruling elements until the wee sma' hours, when amidst many hearty hand-shakings and well wishes the friends departed for their homes, all made happier by such a royal entertainment.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Patterson of Markham street entertained about forty children last Wednesday evening in celebration of the birthday of their son Percy. A thoroughly enjoyable afternoon was spent by the little ones and at 5.30 the very small gentlemen escorted their little ladies to the dining-room where a table was laden with fruit, bon-bons and confection of every description. Fine stereoptican views completed the evening's amusement.

*

Toujours la meme gaite dans les reunions francaises. Les Hiboux se trouvaient rassemblies Samedi dernier chez Mme. Beard, rue Jarvis, cette fois on s'est livre a des jeux progressifs. Tout etait admirablement arrange, grace a l'esprit d'organisation qui a caracterise les organisateurs de ces reunions. Des prix ont ete distribues a ceux qui ont le plus brille dans des compositions francaises. Parmi les dames, Mlle. L. Taylor a remporte le prix et le vainquer a cote des Messieurs a ete M. Bourlier. On s'est donne rendezvous pour ce soir chez Mme. Taylor, rue Jarvis.

*

Parmi les personnes presentes, nous avons remarque—Mesdames MacDonald, Carveth, Savigney, Fox, Graham, Proctor et Denison. Mlles. MacMahon, Hamilton, Ellis, Langlois, Taylor, Graham, Martin, Brown, S Ellis, Smith, Tait, Bonsall et Reynolds. MM. Forster, Catto, Skey, Mason, Wilson, Thompson, Pease, Hill, Prat, Constant, Bourlier, Coutellier et Rogers.

*

Mr. Montgomerie Neilson of Bedford, London, Eng., has left Toronto after a pleasant sojourn of a few days. Mr. Neilson is much regretted by those who formed his pleasant acquaintance.

*

The annual games of Upper Canada College will take place next Friday at two o'clock p.m.

*

Miss Maud Snarr, who has been visiting in Hamilton lately, sang very charmingly at a concert in aid of St. Thomas' church in that city.

*

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ethel Wright of Philadelphia were in the city to attend Miss Goodenham's wedding. They were the guests of Mrs. R. H. Ramsay of Isabella street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Cameron of Strathroy were here to attend the wedding of Miss Goodenham. They were the guests of Mrs. John Leys of Sherbourne street.

*

On Thursday evening at eight o'clock the Central Methodist church, Bloor street, was the scene of a very beautiful wedding. The bridegroom was Mr. R. H. Ramsay jr., of the firm of R. H. Ramsay & Son, the bride was Miss Mabel May Gooderham second daughter of C. H. Gooderham, 592 Sherbourne street. The bride wore a magnificent costume of ivory white bengaline *en train*, trimmed with embroidered *mousseline de soie*, orange blossoms and lilacs being artistically arranged as a ruche about the neck and hem of dress. The veil of tulle was fastened with orange blossoms. The four sisters of the bride acted as attendants and were gowned in white surah with garniture of silver braid and white lisse. The groomsmen were Messrs. George E. Bolter, Harry F. Gooderham, Fred E. Ramsay and James H. Gooderham. The bride carried a bouquet of white, and her maids, cream roses. The ushers were Mr. Harry Mason of Toronto, Dr. K. A. Bowle, Mr. A. G. Bowle and Mr. George B. Wilkinson of Brockville. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay have gone to Philadelphia and other American cities for the honeymoon.

*

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Baird have gone to Danville, New York, the springs there having been recommended for Mrs. Baird's restoration to health.

*

The marriage of Mr. J. D. Maclennan, late of Tintagel, Toronto, is announced to take place on June 6 at Cleveland, Ohio. The bride-elect is a Miss Yorke, well known in Washington and at that city.

*

The commandant and officers of the C School of Infantry, New Fort Barracks, entertained a number of their friends at dinner on Tuesday evening last. The regimental band was in attendance and a most enjoyable time was passed.

*

Mrs. J. K. Kerr's dance for the members of the Toronto Riding and Driving Club and their friends is fixed for May 28.

*

Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet of Washington avenue entertained a number of her friends at afternoon tea on Wednesday last.

*

The grounds of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club are now thrown open to members of the club and their friends, and the May handicaps will be played off during the course of the next fortnight.

*

The Yacht Club launch Esperanza is now running between the town club house and the club on the Island for the convenience of members and their friends.

*

Through the influence of Lord Stanley of Preston the Queen has offered a cup valued at £100 to be competed for yearly by Canadian yachts, the owners of which are members of Canadian clubs. This year's race is to be decided at Toronto and should afford a stimulus to those interested in this most manly of sports.


**Wholesale Dry Goods at Retail.**

Mr. N. Rooney, wholesale dry goods merchant, having decided to retire from business, is now offering his stock for sale by retail. Ten thousand pairs of Belgium and Swiss lace curtains of really handsome patterns will, beginning Monday next, be retailed at less than usual wholesale prices.

THE SHERIDAN CLUB

Under the auspices of Lieut.-Col. Hamilton and Officers of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, will play

W. S. Gilbert's Military Comedy

ON GUARD

AT THE

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

ON

Friday, May 15

The following ladies and gentlemen will perform: Miss Walker, Miss Bunting, Mr. Douglas Armour, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. Vane Chadwick, Mr. A. McL. Macdonell, Mr. H. M. Boddy, Mr. McG. Young.

Proceeds in aid of the Band Fund of the regiment.

Reserved seats $1. General admission 50c. and 75c.

Plan now open at Nordheimer's.

SANTLEY'S FAREWELL

CONCERT

MRS. ANNA BURCH

Prima Donna Soprano, and other artists will appear

Tuesday, May 19, in Horticultural Pavilion

Admission 50c. Reserved seats 75c. and $1.

Plan opens at Nordheimer's 10 a.m., May 13.

W. H. FAIRBAIRN, Secretary.

Torrington Orchestra

SECOND CONCERT

Tuesday Evening, May 12

AT PAVILION

50 Performers. First-Class Programme

VOCALISTS

Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Douglas Bird

Plan opens at Nordheimer's Saturday, May 9.

Tickets $1, 75c., 50c. and 25c., to be obtained at 103 King Street West. J. W. STOCKWELL, Sec.

CONTINENTAL TOUR

A party of ladies have decided upon a three months' trip to Europe under the guidance of Miss Hill. Two or three more could be accommodated. Immediate application advisable. Address MISS H. M. HILL, 148 Carlton Street, Toronto.

MISS HOLLAND

Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking

112 Yonge Street

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

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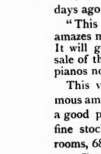

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One musician who stands high among his colleagues said, in conversation, only a few days ago:

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G. A. CASE,

23 Adelaide Street East.

## Between You and Me.

I AM delighted to hear that Miss Agnes Knox has been appointed to the chair of elocution in the Toronto University. Who wouldn't learn and love to learn from the gracious lips of that beautiful woman? A funny coincidence is that on my first hearing of her recital, Spartacus to the Gladiators, I remarked to the student who was my escort at the conversazione, "Miss Knox would make a lovely Hypatia. Shouldn't you like to go to her lectures?" He answered in classic numbers, "You bet!" And though he has outgrown his lecture-hearing stage by this time, there are doubtless dozens of his juniors who will meekly and happily sit at the feet of the new professoress.

•

A clergyman of my acquaintance has announced in the papers that he will preach next Sunday on Housecleaning. He takes a seasonable worldly occupation, and so catches the eye of the amused householder or the tired out mistress with his advertisement. Well, he may find the plan successful if his object is to attract a few curious minds and itching ears to hear how he will manage to evolve something for their soul's good out of the trying subject, but though not a bit Puritanical or sanctimonious myself, I do object most seriously to this tendency of to-day towards irreverence and sensationalism, and I merely mention the housecleaning advertisement as a sign of this evil.

•

"Going to stop for the concert?" said a young voice in my ear as I got up from my knees last Sunday night in church. The tone was flippant, the voice half contemptuous, and I felt a serious qualm—all the more because it was in my own favorite place of worship, the stones of which have been dear to me from the day of its foundation. The officiating priest had read an announcement that certain selections would be rendered after service, and that was what was meant by the "concert." Do you think it is the best way of deepening the effect of the service and the sermon to listen to selections, however charmingly rendered (and I know these selections were so rendered), and do you feel quite and altogether sure that the custom, with its possible accompaniments, isn't lacking in respect towards the sacred edifice?

•

I have been half amused and half frightened by the striking departures made in the city of toilettes, New York, this spring. What do you think of reigning belles who come down to breakfast in sailor blouses and knickerbockers, and not a vestige of a skirt. A bride has a suit of white velvet knickerbockers, white silk blouse with sapphire buttons and a dainty little blue velvet skull cap over her golden curls. As I read about this rakish little piece of costly loveliness a far-off memory of some school day festivities came to me, and with it the recollection of the delightful sense of freedom and activity that was ours who were chosen to take the men's parts when in a strictly feminine household we essayed to represent the pantomime of the Mistletoe Bough. I had velvet knickerbockers that time and pranced wondrous high in them a la Queen Elizabeth, and in my reckless youth I rebelled as strongly as any modern husband against petticoat government. I could put my finger on several stately dames at the head of Toronto households who joined me in my capers similarly costumed, and had as much delight as I in the unwonted freedom. Still, after years have added dignity and gray hairs are hourly expected, one would hardly dare to vote for the knickerbockers!

•

One comes across strange stories in the papers! How wretched horses are killed, skinned, packed in tubs and exported from England to Antwerp as beef, at the rate of twenty tons a week! How an English colonel, a J. P. fined a poor lad nineteen shillings or six days in jail for swearing, and remarked that the prisoner "ought to be devilish well flogged" in addition! Is there no Bile Wig who could fine the colonel? One sometimes feels like laughing at some of Dickens' stories of what are supposed to be bygone abuses and inconsistencies, but a glance through the records of a petty court in England would open the eyes of a latter day progressionist, and the horse beef trade isn't the only one that needs overhauling.

•

I want to say a word to those of you who are remaining at home for all or the greater part of the summer, about your window-gardens. Why is it that our people are so content with bare, ugly shuttered housefronts all through the golden summer? It is impossible now and will always be until the parents grow more civilized and civilize their children, to have a satisfactory garden before the house, or a handsome flower-stand filled with plants on the tiny grass plot. Some little vandal will plunder the one and tear down the other, but up on the sills of the awninged windows one can have gay boxes of foliage and bloom and safely take pleasure therein.

•

Shall I tell you how I decorated the front of a very ordinary home, some four years ago? The carpenter made me window boxes, just to fit my sills, of good stout plank, with strong hooks on the inner side which fastened into rings screwed on the inner sill. The boxes were eight inches wide and ten deep—and I painted them to match the window frames. Then I nearly filled them with rich loam, and planted wild Creeping Charlie to fall over the outer edge; small geraniums, coleas, heliotrope and stone crop soon made me a rare show, and all summer the rooms were flower-scented as the breeze crept under the awnings. Ferns won't stand the draft, but begonias do splendidly. These window gardens need daily, plentiful watering as the current of air through the window quickly dries them up. On the tin roof of my entrance porch I had a deep long box for the heavier geraniums, the flox, verbenas and ivy, and I always look out for some brilliant yellow bloom too, it is not so common here as the flaring red geraniums Mignonette, *(cela va sans dire)* and white stocks and petunias sent their delicate perfumes through my upstairs sitting-room. It is no trouble to care for these boxes, and to yourself and your neighbors your window and porch gardens give endless pleasure.

•

I read in an English exchange that Countess Dufferin has decided to publish her Canadian diary. Look out for something locally interesting, dear ladies! I am sure that we who came and saw and were conquered by "one-eyed Dufferin and Kate Hamilton" will not love her sweet ladyship less, but more when we read her record of her stay among us. Lady Dufferin is a thoroughly lovable and lovely woman. In the little town of Killyleagh, up in the north of Ireland, where she grew from girlhood to womanhood, pretty tales are plenty of her childish pranks, and I have often laughed at the accounts of them given me by the rector's wife, who was a sort of second mother to her. She came by her amiability honestly, as I can testify by happy experience of her lady mother's kindness and Irish warm-heartedness, when a travel-tired and fever-smitten *voyageure* I munched great luscious fruit from the castle hot house and treasured kindly messages from the castle drawing rooms.

•

Have you seen the horseshoe bonnet—white velvet horseshoes studded with jewelled nails and wreathed with tiny sprays of white or mauve flowers? And have you provided yourself with white and pearl gray Suede gloves, stitched with black? They have a half mournsound, haven't they? But they are the correct thing for this summer's wear.

•

To those of my sisters who may go to the continent this summer I would say: Bring back at least a dozen pairs of gloves and make the shopwoman try every glove on you and see that they are perfect. She will do it as a matter of course if you ask her to, and you won't have duty to pay unless you have more than twelve pairs unworn. I got the very best gloves I ever wore in an arcade at Brussels for about sixty or seventy cents a pair. That is one of the investments it pays to make, is it not?

LADY GAY.

### A Love Scrape.

*For Saturday Night.*

Some eighteen years ago or more,
(This story's true I tell)
A lady bright as Hebe's self,
Cast over me a spell.

We were at church. I caught her eye
Fixed lovingly on me;
I was even then a married man,
A married woman she.

But I could not mistake the look,
It flattered me, I own,
And, yes, I think my heart went out
In love to her alone.

No sweeter face in all that throng
Compelled my eye's arrest,
She's just perfection, was the thought
That thrilled my foolish breast.

The service over, what could keep
Me from my charmer's side?
Her husband? Yes, he might have done
Had he been there and tried.

I offered her my strong right arm,
She simply said "Thank you,"
But seemed to like it all the same,
I think I liked it too.

We walked and talked as lovers will,
And planned our future life.
"O shocking!" Who says that, I pray,
She was and is—my wife.

SEVERN BRIDGE. J. SHILEY, M. A.

### Very Swell.

American Tourist—What is that mammoth hat for?—an advertisement, I suppose.

London Shopman—Oh, no, sir—we've just made it to order, sir, for Mr. Rudyard Kipling, sir!—*Puck.*

### At the Opera.

She.—How charming dear mamma looks tonight in the ballet. And grandmamma in the pink tights on the end seems real giddy. She is fighting desperately with that young English swell in the left box.

He.—Why that's Swaggers. He told me tonight that he was about to elope with a ballet girl.—*Life.*


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Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

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3 pairs Cashmere Hose, 85c.
3 pairs Balbriggan Hose, 50c.
Ladies' Boltonian Underwear.

What we tell you is suggestive of the importance of seeing the stock.

Our glove stock is never disappointing. The variety of kinds is large; the variety in the different kinds is large. Kid Gloves—any way you like. A Kid Glove for 30c. a pair. A Fine French Kid 75c. We may say that this is remarkable value. The stock of Mosquetaire Gloves will meet the call of the most fastidious glove connoisseur. Taffetta and Silk Gloves are all new stock for this season's trade. Taffetta for 25c., and our warranted stainless black Taffetta at 35c. Quite an idea, the Double-Tipped Taffettas in place of kid tipped—so much nicer. Enough to assure of satisfaction at the glove counter.

Ladies' collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, laces in rich profusion. Gents' Furnishings of every description—collars, cuffs, shirts, underwear and all else, and prices that surprise you.

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**ATTENTION!**

Nothing elicited greater approval in the recent production of Iolanthe than Mrs. Mackelcan's (The Fairy Queen) sweet rendering of the following verse of the song "Fairy Queen," viz.:

"On fire that glows
With heat intense
I turn the HOSE
OF COMMON SENSE."

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LATEST STYLES IN
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Ladies should not fail to procure one of these natural, curly, light and handsome little Fronts.

Prices are from $3, $4, $5, $6 each, according to size and styles.

*Specialty in Long Hair Switches*, wavy or straight; no stamps inside for dressing the hair low, from $2 to $20, according to length and quality. *Also separate hair b nsches* for dressing the hair in coils.

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Gold Seal Densoline for Rough Skin
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Late of W. A. Murray & Co.
Artistic Dressmaking
76 COLLEGE STREET

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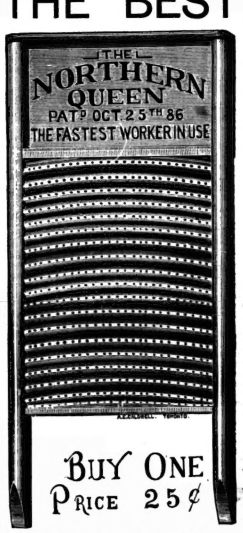


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# The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

*Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.*

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

"HOW COULD IT END IN ANY OTHER WAY?"

The winter was mild, one of those mild and gentle seasons which delight the heart of the sportsman, but which all the e uitarians, and ultra-sensible people declare to be unhealthy, preaching their little sermon about want of aeration, and soon. Gerard was one of these. He hated frost and snow, London snow most of all; and he was glad of a winter which did not oblige him to leave Hester for any length of time. He did not want to spend all his days at the Rosary. She had made that once loved retreat in somewise a horror to him; but he loved her still, and he shrank from any act that might seem like abandonment of her. When the year of Mrs. Champion's widowhood was over he would have to face his difficulty, and settle with himself and with his first and second love as to what his life was to be. By that time Nicholas Davenport might be peacefully at rest, and the chief impediment with his union to Hester removed; in the meantime Hester was to him in all things as dear and as honored as if she had been bound to him by the strongest tie the law can forge—not a very strong tie it must be admitted, nowadays. He stayed in town for about ten days, choosing his sister's wedding present, and seeing all the town had to show him in the way of dramatic talent. He gave a couple of his famous breakfasts during those ten days, and Hillersdon House was put in working order, his staff of servants revised and corrected, and every detail of his luxurious surroundings carefully supervised. Valet and butler were told that their master would winter in England, and that Mrs. Valet and butler were fully aware that their master had another establishment, and another valet and butler; but he had so far been cleverer than the average master in keeping the secret of the second home. No one knew where he went when he left Hillersdon House. He who was amply furnished with carriages always went to the station in a hansom.

He spent Christmas at the Rosary, three days of quietness and contentment, which were a relief after the breakfasts, copious talk, the picture galleries and theaters, the scandals and perpetual movement of London. He would have been quite happy but for the uncomfortable consciousness of Nicholas Davenport's presence in the room above—an existence which he could never contemplate without vague pangs of remorse, lest this death in life were indeed his work, lest it had been that blow of his which shattered the feeble intellect. Hester told him what Mr. Mivor had said about the inevitableness of the attack; but this one opinion was not enough for comfort. Another doctor and a better doctor might have told a different story.

Hester tried to be happy in those brief days of holiday; but the old unquenchable happiness, the joy that locked neither before nor after was gone. The perfect union was broken. The ring which symbolized eternity was snapped into mere segments of life which she must accept with thankfulness. It was much that her lover had not deserted her. All the stories that she had ever read went to prove that desertion was the inevitable end of forbidden bliss such as she had tasted. He had shown her that he could live happily for more than a week apart from her, but there was yet no hint of desertion; and he had done much in deferring his journey to Devonshire till after Christmas.

He left her on a mild sunny morning, looking far better than on the dreary day of his coming. Those few quiet days had rested him after the high living and keen contest of malicious wit which constituted London society, or that section of it in which he moved.

Hester and he had walked in the wintry woods together, and enjoyed the balmy air of pine thickets, and the silver grey of leafless leaves, with all the winter charm of chastened coloring under gray skies. He told her at parting that he had been very happy.

"If you could only have given me a little more of your time it would have been better," he said. "You are so severe in your recognition of a divided duty. Forgive me, Hester," he added, hastily, seeing her look of distress. "You are all goodness, and I am a wretch to murmur. I will write to you after the wedding."

"Oh, sooner than that, Gerard; that would mean quite a week to wait."

"Well, then, sooner. But you know what a bad correspondent I am. I think volumes about her I love, but my lazy pen refuses to write them."

He was gone, and she went back to the cottage, which had taken a different look since the exchange in its master's habits. It no longer looked like Gerard's home. It had the air of a house to which a man comes occasionally, and where things hardly bear the stamp of his individuality. The despatch-box was shut; the writing-table showed no litter of scattered papers. The books he read offenses—Swinburne, Baudelaire, Heine, Verlaine, A. Clifford, Comte, Spencer, Darwin, Schopenhauer, were all in their places; for these were books which Hester loved not, and she did not disturb them in his absence. The rooms looked to her like the rooms in a widow's house. There was the absence of litter, which marks the absence of man.

She sat by the fire in the study for an hour or more while the invalid was being dressed and got ready for his morning airing, thinking of her own life and what she had made of it: a melancholy review, for since her conversation with Mr. Gilstone she no longer sophisticated her position. She no longer compared herself to Shelley's Mary, and believed in the rightfulness of her conduct. She stood convicted in her own eyes as a woman who had sinned. Whether the universe were or were not directed by a thinking mind, she had lost her place among good women. She sat there alone at this Christmas season, when other women were surrounded by friends, and had herself that she had forfeited the right to womanly friendship.

She walked beside her father's chair in the lanes for an hour before the dinner hour began to fade, walked at his side and talked to him and pointed out the features of interest in the landscape, the moving life of beast and bird, as she would have done for a child. She listened to his feeble, disconnected talk. She made him understand—as much as it was in his power to understand anything—that he was cherished and cared for.

They did not meet many people in the lanes, but those whom they met took a great deal more notice of the old man in the bath chair and the pensive face and girlish figure of his companion than Hester supposed. Gentle and simple were interested—the simple with an unalloyed friendliness towards helpless old age and filial duty; the gentle with a touch of pity for the old man, mixed with conflicting opinions about his daughter.

The curate in his soft felt hat, slouched over his brows as if he had been a brigand, the Misses Glendower, bent on charitable visiting, Mrs. Donovan driving her self-willed ponies, and crimson with the effort of keeping them under control—all these were keenly observant of Hester, and talked of her with a new zest at afternoon tea.

This appearance of an invalid father who, although physically and mentally a wreck, looked like a gentleman, was calculated to modify the village idea of Mrs. Hanley's position. That she should have her father to live with her, clad in purple and fine linen, sedulously waited upon and enthroned in a bath chair which must have cost as much as the family landau which Lady Isabel had just obtained from the repository in Baker street, certainly supplied an element of respectability which the world of Lowcombe had not looked for from Mrs. Hanley. After all, people are very kind, and though they may tear and mangle a reputation they are not altogether without tenderness for the sorrows of life.

"I must say that young woman's attention to her father is one of the most touching things I have seen for a long time," said Mrs. Donovan, "and if I could have stopped my ponies yesterday morning I really think I should have pulled up and introduced myself to her. But there, you all know what my ponies are."

"Yes, Mrs. Donovan, and we all know what your driving is," answered Lady Isabel, who had been a famous whip in her youth and who, widowhood or no widowhood, never had much poor, liked to show her contempt for the newly rich.

"I really think one of us ought to call," pursued Mrs. Donovan, ignoring the venomous shaft. "I hear Mr. Hanley has been a good deal away from home lately."

"Has he? The beginning of the end, I should think. Why don't you call, Mrs. Donovan? You are broader-minded than I am, and you have no daughters. I can't see any harm to take notice of Mrs. Hanley; and as she doesn't know a soul in the place she may be glad to make your acquaintance."

"I don't think she could do your daughters any harm, Lady Isabel. She is so much younger than your girls, and she looks the picture of innocence."

"Yes, and I have seen just such a picture in the Burlington Arcade, when I have been to my glover's rather too late in the afternoon," retorted Lady Isabel. "You can please yourself, Mrs. Donovan, but I never visit people whose antecedents I don't know. The fact that this young person behaves nicely to her imbecile father is no evidence of her respectability. Young persons of that class have feelings as well as we have, but I dare say they are fonder of their own people than we are, knowing themselves shut out of society."

After this Mrs. Donovan gave up all idea of patronizing Mrs. Hanley. However she might hug herself with the thought of her investments and dividends, and the power which unlimited cash can give, she knew that she was not strong enough to fly in the face of Lowcombe society. It was for her to follow, and not to lead, if she wanted to be admitted to that inner circle, where the society was not suburban and rich, but county and arrogantly poor. These county people boasted of their dearth in these latter days, as if it were a distinction, since poverty, for the most part, meant land, while wealth not unfrequently meant trade. Mrs. Donovan wanted to stand well with that choice circle which had its ramifications in the Peerage, and talked of dukes and duchesses as if they were friends and women, so she did not call upon Mrs. Hanley; and thus Hester was spared that favor which would have been the last worst drop in her cup of bitterness.

New Year's Eve is apt to be a saddening season, even in the brightest life, for however cheerily we may pretend to take it with carpet dances and hand-shaking, or Pickwickian jovialities in the way of innocent games and frolics, it is the time when almost every heart the consciousness of another stage passed in the journey that leads down hill to that inn we all must, or, at least, we all long for rest for everybody; and deep in every heart there is the memory of someone whom the year has taken away, and not all Time's arts can bring back. But what of New Year's Eve to the lonely girl who sat beside the fire through the long evening, surrounded with the books she loved, but with little pleasure even in their company.

Such lonely evenings are by no means rare in the lives of wedded wives, at all seasons when the indisputable rights of gun or rod keep the sportsman far away from the home fireside, or when the sacred claims of business constrain the mercantile man to over-eat himself in a city hall; but Hester could not forget that she was sitting alone to listen for the ringing of the midnight bells, only because she was an unwedded wife. Had the bond been sanctioned her natural place would have been with her husband at Helmsleigh Rectory on this vigil, which was a memorable one for the rector's household, since it was the date of his eldest daughter's wedding. Her natural that she, Lilian's friend, should have been by Lilian's side on this day, how indisputable her presence had been Lilian's sister-in-law. The bitter tears sprang to Hester's eyelids at the humiliating thought that she could now be no more counted worthy to enter that house where she had once been treated almost as a daughter of the house.

She remembered a New Year's Eve spent in that house, ever so many years ago, it seemed to-night, looking back, from a life in which all things were changed, across a dreary interval of misfortune and poverty. She remembered how kind everyone had been to her, full of tenderest compassion for her motherless youth, her burden of household cares. How bright and happy Christmas had been, she looked, all the sitting rooms gaily lighted with a miscellaneous collection of lamps and candles; the old-fashioned Christmas decorations of holly and evergreen in hall and dining-room; the friendly evening party with a good deal of music and a little waltzing, started in an impromptu fashion by a rollicking duet between two neighboring hounds: the inevitable recitation from the curate of an adjoining parish—long, dismal, intended to make people's flesh creep, but only making the aged yawn and the youthful incline to laughter. She and Lilian had sat together in a corner by the piano, standing against the tendency to girlish giggling, full of their own small jokes and depreciation of the youth of the neighborhood, both of them heartwhole and happy, thinking as children are, without thought of the morrow.

She had played, fresh from her German master's tuition, full of the Leipsic school and its traditions, had played and had been praised and made much of. Her playing was a thing of the past almost, for in the days of her poverty she had been without a piano, and in her new life she had given up all her hours to Nicholas Gerard's companion, and he who cared little for classical music, had given her no encouragement to regain lost ground by severe practice. The pretty little cottage piano stood in its corner unopened, and never had she dared have been to her as a companion and friend, she feared to play lest the sounds should disturb her invalid in the rooms on the upper floor.

The night was clear and frosty, but not severely cold, and at midnight she wrapped a thick shawl about her and went out on to the lawn and sat down on the bench beneath the starlit river, listening for the bells of Lowcombe Church. They broke out upon the stillness with a sudden burst of sound that thrilled her like the spontaneous cry of some Titania soul rejoicing in some great nameless good to mankind. She could not divide herself from the gladness in that burst of music, as the sounds came pealing along the water. The starlight, the darkness of the opposite woods, the faint ripple of the quiet river, the universal hush of calmest winter night through which the joy-peal broke, were all too much for her sad, remorseful heart. She felt that somewhere beyond this narrow scene of life there must be a home and a refuge for lives such as hers, somewhere a friendship and a pity greater than human pity, which could understand, and pardon, and shelter. If it were not so the story that church bells, and running rivers, and winds that blow over woodland and mountain, and cathedral organs had been telling was a lying message to mankind, civilized and uncivilized, in all the ages that were gone; and that food hope deep in the heart of man, barbarian or civilized, bond or free, was the cruellest hallucination that was ever engendered from the evolution of matter in which, according to her new teachers, lay all the history of mankind.

She walked for nearly an hour in the wintry garden, and that quiet communing with Nature, that unconscious absorption of the beauty of the leafless landscape gave her much more comfort than she had been able to find in Tennyson or Browning, since even in Memoriam, which was to her as a second gospel, had failed to night to wean her from the thought of her own sorrows.

"I wonder if he has remembered me, once, just for one moment, in all this evening," she asked herself as she rose from her kness.

Even when most shaken in her old faith by the new learning, she had never altogether lost the old habit of prayer. Her prayers might be vague and indistinct, the outpouring of a sorrowful mind, to what God she knew not, but for her prayer was a necessity of life.

She was sitting at her lonely breakfast next morning, on a little round table by the fire in Gerard's study, when something happened which cheered her with the knowledge that she was not altogether forgotten.

There came the sound of wheels on the crisp gravel drive, a loud ring at the door, and then the country-bred parlor-maid bounced into the room with an excited air, exclaiming: "If you please, ma'am, here's a brougham!"

"What do you mean, Pearson? It's the doctor, I suppose!"

"No, no, ma'am. It's a new carriage, coachman, and all complete, for you. Here's a letter the coachman brought. I forgot the salver, I was so taken aback," and the damsel handed a letter.

It was from Gerard.

"Dearest,—Since you are to spend the winter in the country you must have a carriage, so I send you a brougham by way of New Year's gift. It has been built expressly for country work, and will be none the worse for much service in the lanes you are so fond of. The coachman has admirable testimonials from previous employers, so you need fear him fully as head of your stable. I have told him to engage a stable help, and to put all things on a proper footing. The horse was bought for me by a man who is a far better judge of the species than I am.

"Be happy, my love, in the beginning of the year, and in many a happy year to come.

"Your attached, G. H."

"P.S.—Just starting for Devonshire."

The letter made her almost happy, almost but not quite, for kind as his words were they gave her no assurance of his love; they did not tell her that his thoughts and his hopes of desire would be with her at the beginning of the year, the first year which had begun since they two had loved each other. For him it was much less of an epoch than it was for her, and he had easily reconciled himself to the idea of their separation.

The gift vouched for his kindly thought of her, and was welcome on that account, but she felt that any addition to her luxuries only emphasized the loneliness of her position.

She went out to look at the brougham, a delightful carriage, small, neat, with dark, subdued coloring and a perfection of finish and elegance which in no way appealed to the eye of the casual observer; such a brougham as a leading light of the House of Commons might choose to convey him quickly and quietly to and fro the scenes of his triumphs, every detail sober, simple, costly, only because of its perfection. The horse was a dark mahogany brown, a patrician among horses, carrying his head as if he were proud of it, doing his work as if he fully conscious of doing it, in the service of his power; an amiable horse, too, for he stooped his lordly head and gave his velvet nose freely to the caressing touch of Hester's hand.

The coachman was middle-aged, and, to all appearance, the pink of respectability.

"I have only driven from the station, ma'am," he said. "If you'd like to drive this afternoon the horse won't hurt."

"No, no. I'll let him rest to-day, if you please."

"Quite the lady," thought the coachman, as he drove round to his unexplored stables, pleased with a mistress who evinced no impatience to the sitting in her new carriage and working her new horse off his legs; evidently a lady to whom a brougham was no novelty.

He had been pleased with his master, who had told him to order whatever was required in the way of stable gear and to engage a helper, all in the way by which such a master who does not look too closely into details.

Hester was touched and comforted by this mark of Gerard's regard. For a millionaire to give such gifts might have but little significance, yet the gift implied thoughtfulness and it made her happier to know that he had thought of her.

She drove in her new carriage on the following day, drove to Reading to make her Christmas purchases, all as modestly chosen as if she had been the wife of a curate. Gerard had given her a pocket-book stuffed with bank notes before he left for Devonshire, but no plethora of money could induce her to extravagant expenditure. Her winter gowns, made by a Reading tailor, were as plain and as plainness; her dinner gown of soft gray silk was the simplest thing in home dinner gowns. The long seal skin cloak, the Christmas gift, insisted upon ordering for her at the beginning of the winter was the only expensive garment she possessed. Just at this season she had to make purchases which were not for her own use, purchases of finest lawn and softest cambric, and pattern garments of daintiest form, which gave employment to her skillful fingers in the long lonely evenings of that first week in the New Year.

Gerard wrote to her of his sister's wedding in briefest phrases. Must he not also have remembered that had all been well she should have had her place, and honored place, at that family gathering, and that there must be a sting in anything he might write of the ceremony and of his people?

He had left the Lands's End to spend a fortnight's *tete a tete* in a little inn on the edge of the Atlantic—a curious fancy for a winter honeymoon. I wanted them to go to Naples and Sorrento—of course at my expense—but John Cumberland would not hear of a journey that would keep him away from his parish for more than a fortnight, and my sister's will is in his mind, so they are clambering about upon the rocks, watching the shags and the gulls, and listening to the roaring of the Atlantic in utterly happy, I believe, in each other's society, as you and I have been beside the dripping hedges of the Wye. Your lot in my part I can hardly imagine a January honeymoon. Love needs sunshine and long summer days."

That last sentence haunted Hester all through the evening, while she was busy at work at her little table in the nook by the fire. Was love ended with a single summer? Could she wish that Gerard ever regretted the happy last summer? Alas no; for last summer he could hardly bear to be absent from her for an hour; and within the last few weeks he had shown her only too plainly that he could live without her. It was only natural, perhaps. Who but a romantic girl could ever think that any union love ever made could be one long honeymoon? There was no word of returning to the Rosary in Gerard's last letter. His mother insisted on his staying for another week at the rectory and he had been unable to refuse her. He hoped that Hes er was taking long drives, getting herself plenty of new books at Miss Longley's library, and keeping in good health and spirits. It is so easy for the absent to entertain these hopes.

Hester did not take many drives, though the roads were in good condition, and the coachman came every morning for orders. She preferred her quiet walks beside her father's bath chair; for those at least left the satisfaction of duty done, and the brougham, with all its elegant luxuriousness, only oppressed her with a keener sense of her position. She felt ashamed of driving past the Lowcombe people in their shabbier carriages, felt almost as if she could hear the hard things they said of her.

She thought often of the good old rector and his vain endeavor to set things right for her, and she longed for the sound of his friendly voice in her solitude. But she had no hope that he would ever enter the Rosary again. She would have gladly gone to his church on the first Sunday of her solitude, but had not the courage to face the curious eyes of his congregation; but on the second Sunday she felt so utterly desolate that her heart yearned to the church as the one shelter outside her lonely home where she could enter and feel herself uninfoibidden, so in the evening she ordered her brougham and drove to Lowcombe, telling her coachman to stop at the entrance to the village, and to wait for her at the same spot when the service was over. She did not want to make herself conspicuous at the church gate by the flaming lamps of her carriage, or the beauty of her horse. She hoped to creep quietly to a seat in one of the aisles; but it happened that the pew opener was the son of the butcher who served the Rosary, and was name was always recurring. He spoke of the tomer. With this intent he conducted her to a seat near the pulpit, the seat of the august Mr. Mussbat himself, a seat cushioned and footstooled in purple cloth, where the local landowner sat like Dives, and was reported never to drop more than sixpence into the bag, and only to drop sixpence when he had failed in obtaining a threepenny piece. Here, in the sight of the evening congregation, which included most of the gentilities of Lowcombe, where the evening service was popular, Hester sat in her sealskin coat and neat little sealskin toque and heard the evening service, and here she knelt with meekly bent head and joined in the prayers which had once been interwoven with her daily life, but which now had a doubly impressive sound after a silence of half a year; while the old hymn tunes, and most of all, the words of that evening hymn she had loved so well—"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," moved her almost to tears. Indeed it was only the consciousness of the lamplight on her face, and perhaps, too, the apprehension of furtive glances from unkind eyes, that nerved her to the effort which restrained her tears.

The rector's evening sermon was simple and practical, one of those plain-speaking, homely addresses which he loved to give of an evening—sermons in which he spoke to his flock as to a little family with whose needs and sorrows and failings he was familiar. Hester met his glance more than once as he looked up at him, and there were words, comforting words, in his sermon which she fancied were meant especially for her, words to lighten the sinner's despair and to promise the dawn of hope.

She went home happier for that village service, and having once dared the curious looks of the congregation she determined to go to church regularly. The church was open to sinners as well as saints, to Magdalen as well as to Martha and Mary, to the doubter as well as to the believer; and now that Gerard was no longer by to assail the creed in which she had been brought up, with all the pessimist's latest arguments, her heart went back into the old paths, and the Rock of Ages was once again a shelter and a support.

There was a daily service at Lowcombe, and to this service Hester went every morning during Gerard's absence. It was the one break in her life, an hour of quiet prayer and contemplation which tranquilized her mind, sustained her through the monotonous duties of the day.

Gerard reappeared after more than a fortnight's absence. His native air had not improved his health. He looked haggard and weary, and worried like a child who had been intensely bored in the family circle.

"My father and mother are model people of their kind," he said, "and everything in their house goes by clockwork; but it is the house of gaol, and I confess that I found the Rectory about as lively as Portland. There was nothing to amuse them but talk about me. If I had been a sportsman I should have been out with the hounds. Rural life provides nothing for those who are not sportsmen. Such creatures are hardly believed in by the rural mind."

Hester saw with poignant grief that after a few days at the Rosary Gerard was as bored as he had been in Devonshire. He did not hint at this weariness, but the signs of ennui were too obvious. He suggested inviting Justin Jermyn, but Hester had grown keenly sensitive of late, and she was so evidently distressed at the mention of Mr. Jermyn, that Gerard did not press the question.

"I feel as if almost in every word Mr. Jermyn speaks to me there is a covert sneer," she said.

"Indeed, my dear child, you wrong him—Jermyn is a laughing philosopher, and holds all things lightly. I envy him that lightness as the happiest gift Nature can bestow. For him, to exist means to be amused. He lives only for the present hour, has a happy knack of utilizing his friends, and does not know the meaning of care or sorrow."

Gerard went to London soon after this little discussion about Jermyn, and was away till the end of the week, and from thenceforward he appeared at the Rosary only for two or three days at a time, coming at shorter or longer intervals, his periods of absence lengthening as the London season advanced. In London Jermyn was always with him, his umbra, his second self. Hester discovered this fact from his conversation, in which Jermyn's name was always recurring. He spoke of the man always with the same scornful lightness, as of a man for whom he had no real affection, whom the man's society had become a necessity to him.

"Does he live upon me?" he said once, when Hester gently suggested that Mr. Jermyn must be something of a sponge, "well, yes, I suppose he does—upon me among other friends—upon me perhaps more than any other friend. You remember how Lord Bacon used to let servants and followers help themselves to his money, while he sat at his desk and wrote, seemingly unobservant. Bacon could not afford to do that kind of thing—his income wouldn't stand it—but Jermyn is my only follower and I can afford to let him profit by my existence. He does not sponge or borrow my money. He only wins it. I am fond of piquet, and when we are alone he and I play every night. He is by far the better player, an exceptional player, indeed, and I daresay his winnings are good enough to keep him in pocket money—while I hardly feel myself any poorer by what I lose. If you would spend a little more, Hettie, I should be all the better satisfied."

"You are only too generous," she said, with a sigh. "I have everything in the world that I want—and I have been more extravagant

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lately. Your bank notes seem to slip through my fingers."

"That is what they were meant for. I'll send you another parcel from London to-morrow."

"No, no, please do not. I have plenty of money, nearly three hundred pounds. But are you really going back to town to-morrow?"

"Really, dear. It is a case of necessity. My lungs won't stand this river and this atmosphere. Why don't you think better of my suggestion, Hester, and let me find another home for your father. He could be well looked after if you would be free to travel with me. Dr. South would think me mad if I were to spend February and March in the river mists of the Thames—and even you would hardly wish me to run so great a risk."

"Even I. Oh, Gerard, as if your life were more precious to any one in this world than it is to me."

"Prove your regard for me then. Let me arrange at once about your father. There are plenty of respectable households in which he could be placed under medical care—and come to Italy with me."

"No," she sighed, "that is what I should love to do, but I have made up my mind. While my father lives I will do my best to make his life happy. It is the only atonement I can make——"

Her tears finished the sentence. Gerard rose impatiently and began to walk about the room.

"You can hardly expect me to sacrifice my life to your exaggerated ideas of duty," he said. "The best part of the world is untrodden ground for me, and I live in an age which has minimized the fatigue and difficulty of travelling. A man may go round the world now more easily than he went from London to Paris a hundred years ago, and I have means to make the uttermost expenditure a legitimate outlay. And you would have me wither under such a sky as that," he pointed to the gray fog that veiled garden and river, and blotted out the opposite shore, "and restrict my movements to going backwards and forwards between London and this house."

"I would have you do nothing, Gerard, that you do not like, nothing that can possibly injure your health. If it is best for you to go to the south, go there without an hour's unnecessary delay. I will try to make the best of life while you are away, and you will come back to me in the summer, won't you Gerard, if you are not tired of me?"

"Tired of you! You know that I am not. Don't I entreat you to go with me. It is only your whims and exaggerated notions I am tired of."

This conversation occurred in February, and it may be that the dull, depressing February weather, the river fog and Scotch mist, the sodden grass and dripping shrubs, and dark, leafless branches of the forest trees, counted for something in Gerard's angry impatience. He went back to London on the following day, and he talked of starting for Italy, nay, indeed, made all his plans for departure, and then at the last altered his mind and stayed in town.

He reappeared at the Rosary at the end of the week and it was a shock to him to find Nicholas Davenport installed by the drawing-room fire. There had been a gradual improvement in his condition since Christmas, and the doctor had suggested his being carried downstairs in his invalid chair of an afternoon, thinking that the change of surroundings might have good influence upon his mental state. His mind had certainly been brighter. He had taken more heed of Hester's presence, and had talked to her rationally, though without memory, frequently repeating the same speeches and asking the same questions over and over again.

His presence beside the hearth made the house odious to Gerard, who saw in that bent and broken form the image of death. He retreated at once to the study, where Hester found him standing beside the fire in a gloomy reverie.

"I had no hope of your coming to-day, she said dreamingly, "or I would not have had my father brought down to the drawing-room. I'm afraid it hurts you to see him there."

"It does, Hester. The very consciousness of his presence in the house has always been a horror to me. Perhaps it is because my own life hangs upon so thin a thread that I hate to see the image of death—and that living image of imbecility is death's worst form. Sometimes I think I shall die that way myself."

She searched him and argued away his fears about himself, and promised that her father's presence should not again be inflicted upon him, come when he might to the Rosary. She would remember her divided duty, and she would take care that the home which he had created should be made happy for him.

"It is your house," she said. "I ought to remember that."

"There is no yours nor mine, Hettie," he answered kindly, "All I possess of this world's gear is at your service; but I am full of fancies, and your father's presence chills my soul."

He had come to the Rosary on Saturday afternoon, meaning to stay till Monday and then go back to London and reconsider his migration to the south. He had been somewhat disheartened by being told at his club that there was snow in Naples and that people were leaving Rome in disgust at the Arctic cold. These evil rumors, together with his yearning to see Hester once more, had delayed his departure. He had been feeling very ill all the week and he told himself he was growing close on time in getting to a balmier climate, wherever it was to be found.

He did not return to town on Monday. He was shivering and depressed all through Sunday, to Hester's extreme anxiety, and on Sunday night he yielded to her entreaties and allowed her to send for Mivor, who found all the symptoms of lung trouble. The trouble declared itself before Monday night as acute inflammation of the lungs, complicated by a weak heart, and for three weeks the patient hung between life and death, tenderly and devotedly nursed by Hester, who rested neither night nor day, and accepted only indispensable aid from the hospital nurse who had been sent for at the beginning of the attack. When Gerard was able to go down to the drawing-room as a convalescent, he was hardly whiter or more shadowy-looking than Hester herself. He was not ungrateful. He knew the devotion that had been given to him, knew that in those long nights of pain and semi-delirium one gentle face had always watched beside his bed; yet after the first few days of convalescence an eager desire for change of surroundings took possession of him. That illness coming upon him suddenly, like the grip of demoniac claws fastening upon lungs and heart, had given him a terrible scare. He had been told that he had not a good life, but not since his childhood had he felt the paralyzing power of acute disease, never perhaps until now had he realized the frailty of the thread which held all he knew of or believed in—this little life and its pleasures. In his new terror he was feverishly eager to get to a better climate, to Italy, to Ceylon, to India, anywhere to escape the treacherous changes, the bitter deceptions of English weather.

Jermyn came down to see him at his earnest desire; Jermyn played piquet with him in the long March evenings, and amused him with the news of the town; but even this did not lessen his horror of the house that held Nicholas Davenport, or his ever present terror of a relapse. He arranged the details of his journey with Jermyn, who knew exactly what kind of weather they were having along the Western Riviera.

"You will find summer by the Mediterranean," he said. "March and April are the most delicious months on that sunny shore. Nature is loveliest there just when all the smart people have left for Paris or London. Leave everything to me and your valet and all you will have to do when your conscientious little medical man here permits you to move, will be to take your seat in the *train de luxe*. I am going southward for Easter myself, and if you like my traveling companion, if you like

"If like! I should be miserable alone. You will go as my guest, of course."

"As you please," replied Jermyn, shrugging his shoulders. "One does not stand upon punctilio with a millionaire on a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. I hope to earn my traveling expenses by being useful to you. Does Mrs. Hanley go with you to the south?"

"No" Gerard answered shortly.

Mr. Jermyn went up to town next day to see Gerard's valet, and give all instructions for the journey. He came back in time for dinner.

"Mrs. Hanley tames me," Jermyn said, on this second occasion, he and Gerard having dined alone on both evenings. "I hope I have not offended her."

"She likes to be with her father."

"But surely some one told me that the old gentleman goes to bed at eight o'clock. She can hardly be wanted in his room after that hour."

"Perhaps not, but she may like to be there," answered Gerard, and then changed the conversation abruptly. "How is your friend the painter getting on with his house?"

"Admirably. I believe it will be finished in two years, which is only a year and a quarter beyond the time specified. His contract with the builder was for two thousand five hundred, and I fancy, in spite of all his alterations and improvements on the original design, he will get off for six or seven thousand. He finds his boat too cold a residence at this time of year, and he is staying at the inn, where he puts me up."

"I am sorry we have no room for you here—"

"Don't mention it. I doubt if you had room whether Mrs. Hanley would like to have me on the premises. I'm afraid I am no favorite of hers. It is a curious thing that while the ladies I meet at the Petunia and the Small House are positively devoted to me, I am unfortunate in provoking the prejudices of the purely domestic mind—and Mrs. Hanley is so thoroughly domestic."

"She is the most devoted and unselfish of women. Her only faults are virtues in excess," answered Gerard gravely.

His convalescence lasted a week longer before the village doctor gave him leave to start for the Riviera, where the weather reports were now of the fairest. His illness had been so carefully watched by Mr. Mivor that he had implicit belief in that gentleman's wisdom, and listened without impatience to the counsel which the doctor gave him on his last visit, counsel which in some points echoed Dr. South's advice given some months earlier.

Illness is apt to be selfish, and in his long illness that self-love which had grown and strengthened ever since the sudden change in his fortune, took a stronger growth, and in the long days of convalescence, weak, depressed and self-absorbed, he had brooded over Hester's refusal to be his companion in his southern wanderings, her choice of duty to her father rather than duty to him. Angered by her opposition, he began to doubt even her love, or to count that love a poor and paltry thing, the love that can consider another rather than the beloved one, the love so closely allied with remorse that it almost ceases to be love.

A long letter from Edith Champion, which reached him during his last days at the Rosary, seemed to accentuate Hester's coldness. Edith's letter was glowing with hopeful love. Her year of widowhood was drawing towards its close. June would soon be here, and then, if he still cared for her, their new life might begin. He had never been absent from her thoughts during her exile. The winter had seemed very long, but the dawn of spring meant the dawn of hope.

The letter claimed him, and, in his present mood, he had no desire to dispute that claim. The pale sweet face which looked at him in mute agony on that last March morning had lost its power to move him.

"You will come back to me, Gerard?" she entreated, clinging to him in a farewell embrace.

"Perhaps! Who knows if I may live long enough to see you and England again! You have made your choice, Hester. The future must take care of itself. In any case your welfare is provided for. I have taken care of all material matters—for you and yours."

That was all. There was no tender allusion to that new obligation which the summer was to bring upon Hester and upon him. His heart was full of a sullen anger against this woman whose sacrifice just stopped short of blind obedience.

Her heart turned to ice at this cold reply. Womanly pride, the pride of a deeply injured woman rose up against him at this last moment. Her arms dropped from his neck. The wan cheek that had been pressed against his was turned away. She followed him silently into the hall and stood by in silence while he was being helped on with his fur-lined coat, and saw him step into the snug little brougham, with the dumb, tearless agony of a leader despair. He looked out of the carriage window and waved her a smiling good-bye. The smile hurt her more than his harshest words could have done.

*(To be Continued.)*

## Between Two Fires.

*A Reminiscence of a Great Boat Race.*

Putney, the sparkling rural suburb of southwest London, is the rendezvous of sport. Situated on the banks of the Thames about twelve miles journey from town, it is proverbially one of the lungs of the hustle-bustle metropolis. The attractions of Hurlingham, the annual regattas, the University contests, the great cricket matches, all combine to make it a fashionable resort for the great upper ten.

It was in the year 1871, on the eve of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, that a couple of young ladies, in a state of agitation and tears, might have been discovered in one of those palatial rooms attached to that classic collection of modern villas yclept The Terrace. The young ladies had been comparing notes, and judging from their agitation, some of their dissonances had not yet been resolved.

"He swore he loved me," said pretty Annie May, a vivacious blonde.

"He declared he adored me," pitifully spoke her companion, a majestic brunette rejoicing in the name of Lauretta May.

"He said he was an Oxford man."

"He told me he was a Cambridge undergrad."

A few more sentences followed and the reiterated sounds of "deceived, jilted," and "heartless perfidy," died away in a sob.

Alas! poor Jones, it was a lass that did it. A little society is a dangerous thing and the fascinating influences of bright eyes, purple skies, and boating in shady retreats had resulted in a declaration of love to Lauretta May. Knowing that her Girton like fancy was rapt on anything connected with university matters, he had of course represented that he was an old classic blue and devotedly attached to his *alma mater*. These little flirtations under a blazing summer sun are as Jones puts it, "summary and delicious," and when sealed with a kiss, "a perpetual sipping of intoxicating delights."

But while Jones was devotedly attached to Lauretta May he had half unwillingly succumbed to another fascination in the shape of Annie, her vivacious cousin. Jones, in search of adventures, had in an evil hour run against the fascinating blonde. All this sort of tales have an adventure in them, and it requires a little stretch of imagination to picture our hero rescuing a pretty girl from the importunities of a despicable tramp. Just one—two—three—and there you are, don'tcherknow. For whatever faults were attached to Jones' character, cowardice was not one of them.

The acquaintance so novelly begun ripened into friendship and Jones, poor fellow, had declared his passion before he was aware of what he was doing. Alas! the summer girl, was a lot of bewildering delinquencies she will have to answer for. Annie with the usual vivacious propensities of the Hammersmith girl had asked if Jones were a Cambridge man, and of course our hero had answered yes. That settled it, and Jones had conquest number two on his hands.

Hammersmith and Putney. What a contrast. A three miles' separation only. A sweet charming afternoon with Lauretta up the river, an excuse hurriedly muttered at five o'clock, a hurried run to the train, and at six o'clock Jones was in Hammersmith *tete-a-tete* with Annie May. Jones had never suspected any relationship, but in an evil hour the two cousins met, notes were compared, and the two Mays developed rapidly into one determined unreasoning mighty.

"The perfidy of the monster."

"Oh! the deceitfulness of man."

"Cannot you suggest something, Annie?"

The girls had dried their tears, and a consultation resulted in the construction of two dainty gilt-edged invitations to Jones. One was from Annie, requesting the pleasure of his company on board her uncle's steam launch to witness the boat race, and the other was from Lauretta, couched in similar terms. Both epistles referred to the Saucy Kate, the name of the launch, and both named one appointed meeting place, viz: Hammersmith, at the Rodney boat house.

"That will fix him," smiled Lauretta.

"Yes, I guess that will do the business," responded Annie. "His dual character is at an end."

But the girls were mistaken. Jones in due course received the espistles and murmuring, "'Tis strange, 'tis strange, 'tis wondrous strange," broke the seals and scanned the contents. "And such is destiny, the girls have found me out. I'm a man of parts, certainly, but Jones, my boy, don't be scared. If you cannot conciliate the fair Annie with fair words you must bring your gunn into bear upon the dark fortress. A little diplomacy and matters will resolve themselves, oh! yes, they will resolve themselves."

But the matter of re-solving the difficulty nevertheless worried Jones all day, and when Saturday morning, the day of the blue battle arrived, Jones was still in a state of re-solving.

"What an ass I have made of myself! Blow the whole University race, say I! But I'll go, Lauretta will forgive me. It was only a fleeting passion, and Annie, sweet Annie, will say, 'Now, naughty man, how could you!' and all will be well. I'll go!"

And go Jones did, and this is how the girls went for him: Jones, on arriving at the Rodney, was accosted by a fussy short middle-age man who introduced himself as Josh May, and requested the pleasure of escorting him on board. "Come along, sir, the race is timed for 10 a.m., the girls are anxious to see you. Ah! you dog, don't blush, here we are," and stepping on board the pair were confronted by Annie and Lauretta, who were accompanied by two handsome quiet gentlemanly looking young men.

"Ah! Mr. Jones," murmured Lauretta, "delighted to see you. This is cousin Tom May, from Newhall College, Oxford. You ought to know one another for you both hail from the same *alma mater*. Why what are you looking at? Are you not both college chums?"

The stranger bowed to Jones, but said nothing, and before that worthy could do—as he afterwards expressed it—"a little boating stage"—the sparkling Annie interposed.

"Ah! Mr. Jones, you are here I see; how happy we are to see you. This is Harold May, a cousin of mine. He hails from Trinity, Cambridge, your college you know, so there is no necessity for an introduction," and the girl turned laughingly away.

By this time the steam launch had swung off from the landing stage, and Jones, to use his own expression, was "thunderstruck." The stammerer bowed, and with an awkward smile murmured something about "the mistakes of the day," but the ladies took no heed and a smile turned haughtily aside and left Jones in a state of embarrassment to himself.

"Never knew the fellow before, Annie," murmured Harold.

"Am positive I have never seen him at Newhall, Lorry," said Tom. "What does all this mean, anyhow?"

"Never mind, dear," responded Lauretta. "The mistakes of one excellent individual have brought Annie and me to our senses, and both of us ought to thank our vivacious friend Jones for the result."

"What saith the fair Annie to the wisdom of her irreproachable cousin?" smiled Harold.

"Annie agreeth in every particular," said that laughing damsel. "If it hadn't been for Jones, Lauretta and I would not be so happy as we are to-day."

What followed must not be recorded. Mutual explanations are all very well for lovers' ears, but are apt to nauseate the taste of the reader of the modern love tale; besides, the thing is getting overdone, and—but we will return to Jones.

We left that individual in a state of flabbergastism on the deck, but Annie's father made his way to that worthy, took him down into the cabin, and opening a bottle of champagne, soon made him forget his dual character by substituting the dual attractions of champagne and cigars.

Off with a rush and a roar went the rival University crews. The race was grandly contested and ended in a dead heat, which was an unusual event. Jones, sitting on the deck, chatting quite confidently to Josh May, was considerably amazed at this.

"I've won in some degree, after all, although I've lost the girls."

"How's that?" said Mr. May.

"Why, I betted pairs of gloves against Oxford for Lauretta, and a similar pair against Cambridge for Annie, so the bets off. I was afraid that if Oxford won I should be fixed, and if Cambridge won the pair would make things lively for me."

"Well, my lad, it has been a lesson for you, don't do it again," and with this reflection the worthy father shook his head at Jones.

Jones went home a sadder and a wiser man, and about three months later on he received from Annie and Lauretta two dainty confections of wedding cake, one marked Oxbridge and the other Cambridge. They were tied together prettily with the azure and dark colors of the rival universities.

"The affair began on the blue; blue eyes and blue skies led me on to blue ruin," muttered Jones as he eyed the caskets, "and the *denouement* is decidedly blue."

With such like elucidations of genius that festive young gentleman went to business that morning. And if ever it should be your lot, gentle reader, to be placed in such a predicament as our facetious hero, shun, oh shun, the summery girl whose adulation of university men is so supreme. Try, oh try, the humble school marm; there are many of them on the Nashwaak, good sensible girls, whose discrimination can be relied upon. But never go in for a dual character. If you do you will meet with a worse fate than our humble friend, Augustus Jones, Esq.

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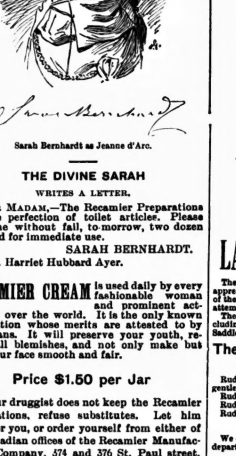

Sarah Bernhardt as Jeanne d'Arc.

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Jenny—That's one of them thousand-dol'ar dogs, I guess. Oh, Sophy! only think of the chicking and the porterhouse-steaks he's got inside him, to say nothing of the chunks of cake!"
—*Scribner.*

# THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMOND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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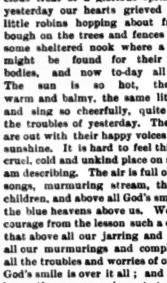
## A Spring Day.



THAT glorious sunshine and balmy air refreshing every heart! Old and young feel its influence, and coming after the dull dreary days of the earlier spring it is welcome. How one has tried to bear up bravely through the cloudy days and the windy days, and the days of mist and rain, with the hope that such weather will not, cannot last, and no to reward our patience and give us a little comfort after the severe strain we are served with the delicious treat of a glorious spring day. Only yesterday our hearts grieved over the poor little robins hopping about from bough to bough on the trees and fences hoping to find some sheltered nook where a little warmth might be found for their chilled little bodies, and now to-day all is changed. The sun is so hot, the air is so warm and balmy, the same little birds chirp and sing so cheerfully, quite forgetting all the troubles of yesterday. The children, too, are out with their happy voices ringing in the sunshine. It is hard to feel this world such a cruel, cold and unkind place on such a day as I am describing. The air is full of melody; bird-songs, murmuring stream, the laughter of children, and above all God's smile is felt from the blue heavens above us. We ought to take courage from the lesson such a day teaches us, that above all our jarring and discord, above all our murmurings and complainings, above all the troubles and worries of our weary lives, God's smile is over it all; and some day, ere long, if we are only not too fretful, but striving to be faithful to our trust here, we may hear the glad welcome of "Well done." A soul in tune with nature and nature's god is filled with a sort of sublime rapture on such a day as I am writing of. All the blueness of the sky and the greenness of the earth and the balminess of the air are emblems of beauty not realized on earth. All the hum and noise of our busy world is drowned in this higher atmosphere of enjoyment, and one day is almost as a thousand, giving an ideal to think of and strive to live for. A feeling of gratitude fills the heart toward the Giver of it all, and such a reverence takes possession of the soul as many dark days and even days of calamity cannot quench. I think it is the poet Moore, who says in one of his songs, that spring would be but sunny weather if we had nothing else but spring, so I suppose it is quite true if we had spring days always they would be no treat at all, but only plain sunny weather; and so in our lives if we were always in perfect health, always in prosperity, always possessing an abundance of this world's good things, always living in the very spring of life we would weary of the monotony by and by, and perhaps even a Heaven would not be fully appreciated by a soul who had never known any of earth's bitterness. If we had no trials to bear, no dark days to live through, no hard lessons to learn, no lost peace to search after, no higher life to live for, but just feel earth's fullness all-sufficient, we would perhaps, like the rich fool in the parable, say to our souls "eat, drink and be merry." Then let us thank God not only for the beautiful spring days but also for the dark ones that are sent us, making us enjoy more fully the splendid beauties of a spring day.

ELLA MAUDE.

## Music.

What a sombre concert that was given by the Haslam Vocal Society on April 20! The absence of a lady soloist, among the vocalists, and the rather heavy character of the choral numbers cast an unwonted gloom over the proceedings. Mr. Myron W. Whitney's selections were ponderous in character and performance. His singing of Qui Sdegno was slow and measured, its most striking point being his gradual descent to a low E. His voice is showing the effects of time and of exacting work in opera and has lost much of its former mellowness, while he does not supplement this loss by any increase of artistic treatment. In this regard I cannot help thinking of poor old Karl Formes who sang here a few years over sixty years of age, and whose Nou Pin Andral was sparkling with life and delicate artistic touches, surprising both in a basso and in a man of his years. Mr. Whitney's work, on the other hand, was almost droning in its coldness. I must make a slight exception, however, in the case of his Three Fishermen which, classic as it is, he sang with much of his old style. It was the first song he sang in Toronto, when he was here with the Thomas orchestra in 1873.

The tenor, Herr Andreas Dippel, was most warmly received and gained no less than five recalls after his singing of the romanza from Les Huguenots. In the second part he sang three German songs, which were, to me, much more satisfactory than his operatic rendition. His singing of Schumann's Wanderlied was a very fine effort and was his most artistic performance. He sang Becker's Fruehlingszeit very well, but you cannot get the jubilation of the song out of a man's voice, certainly out of a voice of the calibre of that of Herr Dippel. His range of voice is wide, with clear but hard notes in his higher register, but he labors very much in his tone-emission and has the fault of many German singers inasmuch as he is too prone to sing his consonants and scamp his vowel tone. This spoils the effect of much of his good work. Another fault is that he ignores his phrasing too much. In the close of his romanza he took three separate and distinct breaths for the word "counterfeit," a truly frightful artistic solecism. Mlle Flavie Vandeu Hende, who had been heralded as a violincellist of extraordinary excellence, turned out to be a very ordinary one indeed. She had a fine instrument, but her tone was weak and lacked character. Her intonation and execution were correct and fluent, possessing even a certain charm. Her best effort was a Nocturne by Chopin.

The society was in good force and voice. The sopranos were very good in tone and intonation and most observant of the conductor's baton. The altos were rich and sonorous in tone quality, and the tenors have never been surpassed in the history of choral singing in Toronto for excellence and sweetness, but, oh! the basses! how "woolly" they were. As to the singing of the society, the best shading and phrasing was done in the opening number, You Stole My Love, which was too good to be used as a "housewarmer." Judge Me O God was splendidly sung. It showed a fine solid tone, good accentuation and brisk energy The Chimes of Oberwesel lost some by its being sung in rather a slow tempo, and Gevaert's Farewell to the Sea, a heavy work, suffered from a lack of rythmic accentuation, probably caused by the conductor beating the full six in the bar where two would have done better. Two exquisite gems were the Choral Serenades by Lassen, the first of which Evening had a very pretty mandolin effect. Rheinberger's Night on the other hand proved heavy and ponderous in style. Taken altogether, it must not be forgotten that Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the conductor of the society, labors under the disadvantage that he has in former years done such excellent work in this field that he has himself set up a high standard, one that he will always be measured by, and one that it is difficult to maintain throughout a whole evening's performance. Still all who were at this concert will concede to him that in intonation and choral discipline the Haslam Vocal Society's work left nothing to be desired.

Another concert in which there was a uniformity of vocal gender, this time that of the ladies, was the one given on Tuesday evening of this week by the Conservatory of Music, in aid of its musical reference library fund. Association Hall held only a sparse audience in aid of this laudable project. A very good programme of vocal and instrumental music had been prepared, whose chief fault was its length. Fourteen pieces, many of them double instrumental movements, spun the concert out to the hour of 10.45, too long for an entertainment which does not allow time or opportunity for a search for cloves. I was glad to see that the Conservatory String Quartette was again on deck. Mr. J. Bayley led, assisted by Mr. F. Napolitano, Signor D'Auria and Mr. G. Dinelli. Their ensemble was very fair, but lacked accentuation and showed a slight lack of practice. Their first selection, Menuetto presto and the finale from Haydn's Opus 76 suffered most from this fault, in addition to which the menuetto is a rather uninteresting fragment out of its sequence. The quartette made a much better showing in the two movements from a Rauchenecker's quartette in which the firm rythm of the composition was well carried out, and some excellent effects of light and shade were secured.

Two movements from Reissiger's trio, op. 85 were played by Mr. V. P. Hunt, Mr. Bayley and Mr. Dinelli in very good style, although the allegro molto at times became a moderato. The pianoforte numbers were excellently played. Mrs. Edgar Jarvis played the first movement from Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto, with Mr. J. D. A. Tripp at the second piano, assisted by the String Quartette. She displayed a fine, warm round tone and great execution, although her tempo was a trifle slow. Miss Dallas gave a very conscientious rendering of the Finale from Fruhlmann's D minor Sonata, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp was very successful with Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante, in which he showed his good technique and facile execution. Mr. Dinelli gave an excellent rendition of Popper's violoncello solo, Widmung, and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison played an all too short organ solo. Mr. S. H. Clark's reading, Catch Weights, Owners Up was very cleverly rendered and won an encore. Three young ladies, pupils of Signor D'Auria were among the vocalists. Of these Miss Charlotte Chaplin has a very pleasing voice and sang her song Beauty's Eyes very tastily. Miss Frances H. Doane has a voice of good quality and sings with musicianly feeling, her selection being Softly Sighing from Der Freischutz. Miss Clara Code has an extremely promising voice, bright in quality and effective in execution, and gave an excellent rendition of the bolero from I Puritani. The other vocalists were Mrs. S. H. Clark and Miss Eva Roblin, both teachers at the Conservatory, whose selections were well received.

The Mozart Quartette, consisting of Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Frau Dunbar-Moraweiz, Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. E. W. Schuch, gave a concert to a large audience at the Disciples' church on Cecil street on Monday evening, the chair being taken by Mr. E. E. Sheppard. The singing of the quartette won warm applause and much praise for the excellence of its ensemble, and the solo numbers were in nearly every case encored.

Mr. W. Edgar Buck, conductor of the Toronto Vocal Society and choirmaster of Carlton street Methodist church, is seeking a well earned vacation in Europe on June 1, and has resigned his church engagement, Miss Maud Fuller, the contralto of the choir, leaving at the same time.

Saw you there as you circled by,
Vale-environed a cottage lie—

—*The Vagabonds.*

A former Torontonian has been winning honors in opera on the Pacific Coast. Mr. William Robinson, whose stage name is Pierre De Lasco, has been singing with the principal companies that visited the far west, and has received high commendation from the press for his work, especially as Mephistopheles in Faust, and as Bertram in Robert Le Diable.

Another young Canadian who has been upholding the fame of his native country as a nursery of good singers, is Mr. Frank B. Lawson who has been studying in Chicago with Mr. J. H. Kowalski. At a recent concert Mr. Lawson sang the Toreador song from Carmen, the romanza from Nessler's Trompeter von Sækkingen, Schumann's Two Grenadiers and It is Enough from Elijah. He has a fine baritone voice, and the Chicago papers hold out promise of a brilliant future for him.

The Torrington Orchestra gives its closing concert on Tuesday evening next with Mrs. Mackelcan and Mr. Douglas Bird as vocalists. The orchestral selections will be taken from a list embracing the William Tell overture, Ruy Blas overture, Fest overture, Handel's Largo, Czibulka's Songe D'Amour, Jadassohn's Serenade and others of equal excellence. On the Tuesday following, Charles Santley and Mrs. Anna Mooney Burch will give a miscellaneous concert under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington. The other performers will be Miss Irene Gurney, Mrs. Adamson, Mr. Douglas Bird, and Mr. Franz Wagner.

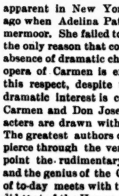
Over in Buffalo they are intently at work at preparation for a monster musical festival to last four days, beginning on May 20. The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Arthur Nikisch will assist, with a most formidable array of solo talent as well as a chorus of five hundred picked voices. The soloists are Miss Clementine De Vere, Miss Mary Howe, Mme. Nikisch, Mme. Mielke, Miss Mary E. Fox, Miss Gertrude Campbell, Mrs. Wyman, Mr. Franz Rummel, Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, Mr. W. H. Rieger, Mr. Andreas Dippel and Mr. E. C. Bushnell.

I have received word of a delightful *musicale* held on Monday evening of last week at the residence of Mr. Thomas Littlehales in Hamilton in aid of the Girls' Home. Mr. Littlehales is himself a musician of more than ordinary excellence and has succeeded in imbuing the members of his family with similar artistic instincts. The soloists were Miss Nora Clench, Miss Lilian Littlehales, Mr. Sidney Littlehales, Miss J. Maddigan and Miss M. Ridley.

At the annual meeting of the Haslam Vocal Society, held on Monday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Patron, Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski, K.C.M.G.; Hon. president, George A. Cox; president, D. E. Cameron; vice-president, James Martin; secretary, William C. Fox; assistant secretary, C. P. Whelan; treasurer, Harry English; committee, Mrs. (Dr.) J. B. Hall, Mrs. F. W. Lee, Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mr. C. E. Clarke, Mr. D. F. McCloskey, Dr. Crawford Scadding; accompanist, Miss Annie McKay. Mr. Elliott Haslam was unanimously re-elected musical director.

METRONOME.

## The Drama.



IT has been more usual to speak of a production of the opera Carmen as a musical event than as a dramatic one, but from this latter point of view, it must be admitted, it is as worthy of being written of as from its musical. In fact a grand opera to arouse enthusiasm must unite both qualities, as was apparent in New York some twelve months ago when Adelina Patti sangin Lucia di Lammermoor. She failed to create any interest and the only reason that could be assigned was the absence of dramatic character in the plot. The opera of Carmen is exceedingly fortunate in this respect, despite the fact that the real dramatic interest is confined to two persons, Carmen and Don Jose. But these two characters are drawn with the hand of a master. The greatest authors of to-day are those who pierce through the veneer of civilization and point the rudimentary passions of mankind, and the genius of the Charles Egbert Craddock of to-day meets with the same recognition as did that of the Homer of three thousand years ago. So with Prosper Merimee, author of the novel Carmen. All his characters are in crude colors, but they live and stand clear and sculpturesque, as an English critic has said, against a background of Later Rome, Far-away Russia or Modern Spain or wherever he chooses to place them. To be sure, the Carmen of the librettist is not as clearly drawn as the Carmen of the novelist. Two interpretations may be taken of her character. A fickle-hearted gypsy girl, loving first Jose then the Torreador, tiring of each and callous as to death. Loving no one when Jose slays her, but dying rather than lose her liberty to love whom she pleases and because she believes that their fates lie together and that death from his hand must come sooner or later. This is the Carmen of the novel. Or she may be a gypsy girl who is touched by Jose's imprisonment for her sake and loves him a little. But when she has rendered herself amenable to his will she tires of him, and the Torreador appearing on the scene, the strong man so unlike the pliable Jose, the conqueror of the bull, the ideal of her wild heart, she loves him with an all-absorbing love and dies rather than relinquish him. This latter interpretation is the one Miss Tempest has taken of the part. Her performance was aided largely by the mobility of her temperament, and with a little more thought bestowed on the part she would make a very fine Carmen. Her acting, in the second act particularly, lacked *abandon*. Her wonderful magnetism however, which is responsible for her success, stands her in good stead throughout and particularly in the first act. In the last two acts her acting was creditable, but it is a pity that some kind person who has a regard for the fame of the opera does not cut out those words in the last when Carmen relates that she "never told a lie."

The Jose of the librettist is also somewhat uncertain. The first impression from the opera is of a smouldering volcano—a sort of tame lion who is bound by a maiden's hair and who when he is cast off and the bond cut, realizes how he has been befooled and thinks of naught but revenge. The novelist's Jose, however, is a victim of circumstances, who with sullen fatalism sinks to the depths of crime, dragged halfway by his love for Carmen and forced the latter half by inevitable fate. His own betrayer, and since she has accepted his love he will tolerate no other lover and slays her at once rather than be put to the trouble of slaying every man whom she fancies. As I said, the Jose of the opera is usually interpreted in the former manner and Mr. Bassett certainly gave a very fine representation of this conception. He fulfilled in appearance the part exactly. His usual diffidence vanished and his personality was sunk in poor Jose. His acting left nothing to be desired. The other characters being mere accessories, though calling forth much beautiful music, have little required of them dramatically. Carmen, with its two leading characters, however, is an intellectual treat of rare excellence.

At the performance of Dorothy on last Saturday afternoon, the hats of the ladies who filled the orchestra chairs and parquette combined to give the appearance of a flower garden. Daisies seemed to predominate, but the other flowers of spring, the daffodils and the violets, were well represented. The midsummer poppy was also there in large numbers, with flowers of every known season and variety. Many nondescripts of hitherto unknown varieties and colors were noticed as well, and the whole made a spectacle novel to all eyes. At the same performance one of the young ladies of the chorus, while behind the scenes, was evidently exercising her limbs to such an extent as to project her slipper into the atmosphere. It came swooping gracefully on to the stage, nearly hitting Mr. Bainbridge, who deftly tossed it back to its owner with the handle of his riding whip.

Next Friday night will see the performance by the Sheridan Club of W. S. Gilbert's comedy, On Guard. The proceeds are in aid of the Queen's Own Rifles and the performers, whose names have already appeared in the social column of this paper, are well known to possess more than ordinary dramatic talent. Mr. R. B. Malchieu, late of the McDowell Comedy Co., is stage manager, and the Q. O. R. Band will assist at the performance, being stationed in the gods. Many theater parties are being formed and an enjoyable performance is expected.

TOUCHSTONE.

### Suggestive.

Doctor—Well, how do you feel to-day?
Patient—I feel as if I had been dead a week
Doctor—Hot—sh!—*Life.*

## The Vagabonds.

*For Saturday Night.*

What saw you in your flight to-day
Crows a'winging your homeward way?

Went you far in carrion quest,
Crows that worry the sunless west?

Thieves and villains, you shameless things!
Black your record as black your wings.

Tell me birds of the inky hue,
Plunderous rogues—to-day have you

Seen with mischievous, prying eyes
Lands where earlier suns arise?

Saw you a lazy beck between
Trees that shadow its breast in green,

Teased by obstinate stones that lie
Crossing the current tauntingly.

Fields abloom on the farther side
With purpling clover lying wide,

Saw you there as you circled by,
Vale environed a cottage lie—

Girt about with emerald bands,
Nestling down in its meadow lands?

Saw you this on your thieving raids?
Speak—you rascally renegades,

Thieved you also away from me
Olden scenes that I long to see?

Fly O! crows you have flown since morn
Over the place where I was born.

Forget will I, how black you were
Since dawn, in feather and character;

Absolve will I, your vagrant band
Ere you enter your slumber-land.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

## The Laureate's Words.

*For Saturday Night.*

Shades of sweetness, gleams of beauty,
Flashes of radiant living fire,
Mellow words that lighten duty,
Strikes he from his golden lyre;
Every anxious feeling slumbers,
Highest thoughts th life are fanned,
Waked by his enthralling numbers,
Enchanted by his magic wand.

Burning words of passion's fervor,
Glorious words of high emprise,
Encouraging to great endeavor
Ambition that in all men lies:
Fall his words in glowing numbers
Liquid thrilling on the air,
The spirit lives; the body slumbers
Soothed by harmony so fair.

Time, with its relentless fleetness
Weaves he ever in his strain;
Nature, in seductive sweetness
Blends he softly in again:
Gentle words of woe and weeping,
Rainbow prisms in sunny skies;
Gleaming moonlight, silvers, sleeping,
On the wav'ring water lies.

Tender words of subtlest meaning
Stir our hearts unto the core;
Melody more sweet than dreaming
Lures us on to long for more:
Music drifting, hither, yonder,
Speaks the lyre beneath his hand;
Ah, might we ever, dreaming, wander
With Tennyson in lotus-land!

E. M. SCHOLEFIELD.

## Answer Me.

If you love me, friend, to-night
Much and tenderly,
Let me rest my wearied head
Here upon your knee.
And the while I question you,
Prithee answer me—
Answer me!

Is there not one gleam of peace,
On this tiresome earth,
Does not one oasis cheer
All this dreary dearth?
And does all this toil and pain
Give no blessing birth?
Answer me!

Comes there never quiet, when
Once our hearts awake?
Must they then forevermore
Labor, strive and ache?
Have they no inheritance
But to bear—and break?
Answer me!

ALICE CAREY.

## Animals.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so
placid and self-contain'd;
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania
of owning things,
No one kneels to another nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

WALT WHITMAN.

## Noted People.

Mrs. Langtry's plans for next season are settled. She will come to this country. A route is now being booked.

Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott) is about to leave New York and make Washington her permanent residence. She is afflicted with a cataract which causes partial blindness, only to be relieved by an operation.

The death of Frederick W. Christern, importer of foreign books, caused widespread regret among many dramatic writers who frequented his store. From Christern's shelves the material for scores of adaptations has been drawn.

The superintendent of the Baltimore Training School for Nurses, Miss Louisa Paysons, studied her profession in London with Florence Nightingale, and was a nurse with the Egyptian expedition. The Queen bestowed upon her the Royal Red Cross.

An Indian woman, Miss Nancy Cornelius, a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., has taken a full course in the Hartford Training School for Nurses, and has just received her diploma. She is the first Indian woman to prepare herself for nursing by a scientific training.

Miss May Robeson, the bright young actress who made a success in the *role* of a maid in Nerves, adds to her regular profession in the business of designing theater souvenirs. She has been the author of all those given at various places of amusement in New York during the season just closing.

Sims Reeves, the phenomenal English tenor, will retire from public life early next month without having made his oft-promised professional visit to the United States. Reeves is nearly seventy. His final appearance will be made in a concert on May 11 in London. Henry Irving will make an address of farewell.

Perhaps the first indication of Sir Edwin Arnold's literary bent is to be found in the columns of the London *Press* towards the close of 1860. He then commenced The Book of Good Counsels, an interesting abridged translation of Pilpay's Fables. In the same journal some of his earliest fugitive poems appeared.

Miss Alice M'Laren, a Scotch lady, who has studied at the London School of Medicine for Women and who has qualified at the London University, has been appointed house surgeon of Leith Hospital. Mrs. Wilson, also a student of the Women's Medical School, has been appointed house surgeon at the Temperance Hospital, Hampstead.

The first American woman to receive the Palms of the French Academy was Madame Minnie Hauk. The second is the founder of the De Fere Conservatory of Music in Brooklyn, Mrs. A. Kistner de Fere, who is a Hungarian by birth, an American by adoption. The Palms and the title of Officer of Academy have been conferred upon Mrs. De Fere in recognition of the services she has rendered to the art of singing.

The wife of President Eliot of Harvard has recently surprised her friends by returning to the amateur theatrical stage, where she once shone a star. Before her marriage she was, as Miss Hopkinson, a member of the Cambridge Dramatic Club, and was a favorite actress. For nearly fifteen years Mrs. Eliot has refused to act, but her recent success proved that her old-time gift has not deserted her. Mrs. Eliot is about forty-five years old.

MM. Bouguereau and Gerome, the celebrated French painters, will shortly leave Paris for St. Petersburg. The Russian artists intend to give their French colleagues a very cordial reception. A grand dinner will be given in their honor by the distinguished artistic population of St. Petersburg. These courtesies will be the more noticeable because of the very general decision of French artists not to send any paintings to the Berlin Salon.

Although Mrs. Polk, the widow of the ex-President, is in receipt of a yearly income of nearly $7,000, her home in Nashville, Tennessee, was recently advertised to be sold for $1,900 worth of city taxes. This home of hers, which by the provisions of her husband's will reverts to the State of Tennessee at her death, is situated in a park of two acres in the heart of Nashville. The failure to pay the taxes is supposed to be due to inadvertence.

A son of Marshal Bazaine is an adjutant in the Mexican army, and he does not rest there on a bed of roses by any means. He has just been released after four months' imprisonment on a charge of insubordination, the circumstances in connection with it showing the sort of trials he has to undergo. He was superintending the erection of a barracks, and a captain found fault with his work and spoke disparagingly of his father who commanded the army of invasion under Maximilian. The young man replied hotly, and hence his arrest.

Frank Stockton says that two years ago he sat next to Senator Ingalls at a dinner party, and that that gentleman seemed to be improving the occasion to find out how many hours a day each of the guests worked. The Kansas statesman's quota was about eighteen. Stockton confessed of only two or three. "Thereupon," the story-writer continues, "Ingalls drew up his spare form till he towered way above me, screwed those eyes of his into mine, and emphatically said: 'You d——d sybarite.' Of course there was nothing left for me to say."

There are those who in defence of the Puritan ancestors declare it is all nonsense to assert that there was any objection to a man's kissing his wife on Sunday. They say the blue law forbidding this was a device of the enemy, put into a spurious volume of laws by one who hated the pilgrim fathers and sought to cast ridicule on them. This may be the fact. It is also the fact, however, that in 1656 Captain Kemble, returning from a sea voyage, kissed his wife "publicquely" on the doorstep when she met him, forgetting it was Sunday and remembering only that he had not seen her in three years. For this "lewd and unseemly behavior," it is matter of history that poor Captain Kemble was set in the stocks two hours, enduring the taunts of the multitude. If the average street boy of 1656 was anything like his type 235 years later, the punishment was severe enough for any offence.

## Signor Crispi and the Triple Alliance.

The confederation of Germany, Austria and Italy, which has borrowed from former confederations the name of the "Triple Alliance," has become a matter of gravest apprehension to the European powers. In case of war the first two would furnish the bulk of the army, and Italy would furnish the strongest element of the navy. In conjunction, no country would be so rash as to assail them.

How long are they likely to cohere? On that question hangs the safety of Europe. Italy is popularly supposed to be serving her own ends. Signor Crispi, the predecessor of the Marquis di Rudini, has stated again and again that Italy was merely on the defensive. He had already shown good will to France by abolishing the differential duties against that country. Interviewed in the *Figaro*, he said that France held the peace of Europe in her keeping and that as long as France did not stir there was nothing to be feared.

Nor are England and Italy in harmony. They have not yet determined their respective spheres of influence on the Red Sea coast. Sir Evelyn Baring and Sir Francis Grenfell represented England in the negotiations, and they soon found that while Italy professed a readiness to sacrifice one or two places which she thought should belong rather to Abyssinia than to Egypt, she clung to the occupation of Kassala. The English envoys recognized the right of Italy to occupy Kassala in the event of military necessity, provided that the Egyptians should reoccupy the district when prepared to maintain order. Signor Crispi refused to yield this condition and the conference was abruptly terminated. Nor has any effort been since made to renew it.

Moreover, Italy is hopelessly bankrupt. The annual estimate of her ministers of the treasury contemplates deficits of not less than twenty million lire. Her people are in no position to pay for war and there can be little doubt that a war would not only upset the cabinet which proposed it, but possibly the monarchy into the bargain.

So, in spite of the formidable aspect of the Italian war ships, the Triple Alliance gains no such adhesion of strength from Italy that it is likely to go round picking quarrels with its neighbors, or with a distant country like the United States. If assailed, it would be strong. But if Germany wants to fight with France there need be no hesitation in predicting that she will have to fight alone.

SIGNOR CRISPI, EX-PREMIER OF ITALY.

## The Woman Who Beat Ingalls.

Mrs. Annie L. Diggs is "the woman who beat Ingalls." To her more than to any other individual is ascribed the credit of ridding the Capitol of the clever but rather unscrupulous senator from Kansas. She was untiring in the splendid campaign conducted by the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas last autumn. After victory had been won she became in a measure the conscience-keeper of the party. In modern politics this is a very important function. Mrs. Diggs proved a female Cato. And so Mr. Ingalls finds himself unable to serve another term in the United States Senate at present.

It was a fight of David against Goliath, the struggle between this woman and the brilliant senator of whom it has been said that he travels on his intellect.

Mr. Ingalls may or may not be in favor of the further emancipation of woman. Formerly his position in this respect might have been influenced by his ability to say brilliant, cynical things on one side or the other. But the chances are that he considers woman emancipated enough at present. Mrs. Diggs is a product of the new order of things.

Although fought with most potent rhetoric and looked upon with disfavor by both sexes, woman suffrage is undoubtedly making progress. Whether desirable or not, it has come to be regarded seriously in several states, and many experiments are being made on a small scale to determine the advisability of giving political power to women. Thus, in parts of the United States women are permitted to vote for school and other local officials.

Woman suffrage and women politicians will come together. In view of the probable appearance of both in the political world, the figure of Mrs. Diggs becomes particularly interesting.

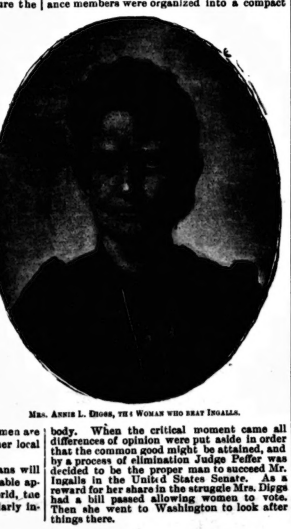
Mrs. Diggs belongs to an order of which the United States have almost a monopoly—women who edit newspapers. Of course, there are women the world over who are editors, but most of them, outside of the United States, devote themselves to special lines. It is chiefly in this country that women have been granted an equality with men as regards newspapers of a general character. Mrs. Diggs is associate editor of the Topeka *Advocate*, a journal distinguished among those edited by men by the great earnestness that pervades its columns.

The farmers out west and the alliance are very much in earnest. When the campaign began in earnest last summer, Mrs. Diggs left her newspaper to run itself to a large extent, and took to making speeches. She and one other woman in particular made great successes during the canvass. The other woman was Mrs. M. E. Lease, who was Mrs. Diggs' constant companion. The contrast between the two was very great. Mrs. Diggs is restrained in manner, Mrs. Lease impetuous. Mrs. Diggs has a watchful, quiet expression of countenance, as will be seen in her portrait, while Mrs. Lease has a strong face. In her speeches Mrs. Lease hurls firebrands in every direction and delights in the excitement of controversy. When the Woman's Convention was held in Washington not long ago to discuss the needs, aims and aspirations of woman generally, Mrs. Lease was among those invited to make a speech before it. She delivered a violent political address and laughed at all attempts to silence her until she had said all that she wanted to. Some of the other women delegates were shocked and some were indignant, but Mrs. Lease enjoyed herself. In the course of her speech she declared that she would follow her political opponents from the walls of the Capitol to the gates of Hell to defeat them. Such language was stronger than women are accustomed to hear from woman suffragists. It seemed better adapted to a mass-meeting of men than to a gathering of women. It made some of the women delegates queak and doubt whether, after all, they really did want political power with all that it implies. Mrs. Lease on the other hand has been accustomed to carry her point by vigor. She never attempts to conciliate, but to force her views.

In this respect Mrs. Diggs differs very much from Mrs. Lease. She is at times sarcastic, but, as a rule, she relies entirely upon the earnestness of her own convictions to win over her hearers. She is more guarded in council than Mrs. Lease, and her judgment is safer. Her voice is clear and distinct.

The victory at the polls did not end Mrs. Diggs' work in Kansas last November. There still remained the duty of seeing that the alliance majority elected in the lower house of the legislature did what the farmers expected it to do. This duty was harder to perform than the campaign speech-making. It may be deserved or not, but ex-Senator Ingalls has the reputation of being particularly able when it came to capturing members of a legislature. He has expressed the opinion that the decalogue has no place in politics, and such an assertion, even without his reputation, would naturally give a feeling of insecurity so long as he was about. Now his political future depended upon his re-election to the United States Senate, and his interest in capturing some of the alliance members of the legislature was therefore vital. To prevent him from doing so was the task to which Mrs. Diggs applied herself. The Farmers' Alliance in every county, represented in the legislature by an alliance member, chose two or more delegates to accompany the member to the capital, and see that he did not fall by the wayside. The guard was on duty day and night, accompanying the object of its vigilance wherever he went, and in some cases sharing his bedroom. Under these circumstances Mr. Ingalls could not have captured alliance members by secret means, even had he desired to do so. At the head of the system thus organized was Mrs. Diggs.

Slowly and by degrees the undisciplined alliance members were organized into a compact body. When the critical moment came all differences of opinion were put aside in order that the common good might be attained, and by a process of elimination Judge Peffer was decided to be the proper man to succeed Mr. Ingalls in the United States Senate. As a reward for her share in the struggle Mrs. Diggs had a bill passed allowing women to vote. Then she went to Washington to look after things there.



MRS. ANNIE L. DIGGS, THE WOMAN WHO BEAT INGALLS.

## Three Empire Builders.

SATURDAY NIGHT presents to its readers this week portraits of the three great colonist statesmen of Her Majesty's subjects. The *Review of Reviews* says of them: "The note of all the colonial statesmen is self-reliance and independence. They mean to go their way without let or hindrance from England; the only question, indeed, that seems to weigh with them is whether they can compel England also to go their way. For they are men of a newer world. They are face to face with the immense, incalculable and unconsidered possibilities of larger continents and nascent empires. The colonists, fresh from the battle with the wilderness, invigorated by breathing the uncontaminated air of the bush and the ocean, have much more of the rude daring of our ancestors than the more or less over-civilized products of the West End London clubs. They are Elizabethans born in the age of Victoria. They have the energies, the resources, the saucy audacity and somewhat unscrupulous crafts of the Raleighs and the Drakes, the Sidneys and the Cecils. They are no mere barnacles on the ship of state. They represent no small portion of the furnace fire which will either blow up the boiler or, if rightly directed, will propel the Imperial craft triumphantly through the stormiest seas."

Canadians can echo all that is said with regard to our own Grand Old Man, Sir John A. Macdonald. To remind readers of his uncompromising loyalty to Great Britain would be impertinence. In Sir Henry Parkes, premier of New South Wales, he has a parallel. Sir Henry is affectionately spoken of by our Australian fellow subjects as their Grand Old Man. He is now nearly seventy-six years of age and is a native of England, having been born of poor parents and brought up in the rural parish of Stoneleigh in Warwickshire. He attended a dame's school at Kenilworth, but from the age of eleven was entirely self-taught. In 1839, when about twenty-four years of age, he emigrated to Sydney, New South Wales. He obtained employment in a hardware store and a year or so afterwards commenced business for himself as a manufacturer of toys; but throughout his interest centered in the discussion of social and political questions, and he oftentimes occupied his spare time with literature and the composition of poetical effusions. In 1848 he first found more congenial work, and entered heartily into the election to the Legislative Council of the Hon. Robert Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke), while at the same time he actively engaged in the agitation which resulted in the abolition of the transportation of English criminals to Australia.

Thenceforward, Henry Parkes, through all his buffets with fortune, was a political power; and, founding the *Empire* newspaper at the close of 1850, through persistent financial difficulties, he succeeded in conducting that clever if unprofitable journal for a period of seven years. He was much in debt; but he became a public speaker of a pronounced type, and as he strenuously advocated the establishment of responsible government in the colony and the introduction of reforms and progressive measures, he was chosen to contest the representation of Sydney. In 1853 he was defeated, but in 1854 he was returned over Mr. Kemp by a majority of more than two to one. Those were stirring times in the colony, and in 1856, when responsible government was won, he was elected as one of the four representatives of Sydney for the newly created Legislative Assembly. Thenceforward, he gradually asserted himself and on January 22, 1866, he became for the first time a minister of the crown. His actions meantime were characterized by a just impatience with England in her short-sighted friendliness with the slave-holding Southern States during the American Civil War, and he strongly urged upon New South Wales that, in the event of an Anglo-American war, she should not depend too extensively on the naval superiority of the mother country, but should look to her own defences.

In January, 1887, for the fourth time, Sir Henry Parkes was summoned to form a Government, which he immediately did. Practically he has held office as Premier ever since; for although Mr. Dibbs defeated him in January, 1889, and formed an administration, he soon did Parliament meet than Sir Henry Parkes—now G. C. M. G.—upset him and has held the reins of state from March 8, 1889, until the present time. At the general election, at the commencement of 1887, he was returned triumphantly at the head of a party whose platform was Free Trade of a very pronounced type, and he forthwith swept away all *ad valorem* duties established by Sir Patrick Jennings; and it is undoubtedly due to the great influence of Sir Henry Parkes that at the present time New South Wales is the only self-governing colony which can boast a short and simple customs tariff. Sir Henry Parkes has always been characterized by an opposition to the Chinese. Although stoutly maintaining his loyalty to Her Majesty he insisted that the Australian feeling with regard to the Chinese question be treated with less indifference by England. In a speech made in May, 1888, he said: "Neither for Her Majesty's ships of war, nor Her Majesty's representative on the spot, nor for the Secretary of State, do we intend to turn back from our purpose, which is to terminate the landing of the Chinese here for ever."

Sir Henry Parkes is a man of refined tastes and writes verses, some of which have a fair amount of poetic fire. He is nearing the end of his political life, and probably his great last public act will be to preside over a conference for the federation of the Australian colonies.

The Hon. Cecil Rhodes is what is called a "coming man." He has the face of a Cæsar, the ambition of a Loyola, and the wealth of a Crœsus. He is the Diamond King, the Cape Premier, the President of the Chartered Company, which has added the land of Ophir to the British Empire, and he is only thirty-eight years old. Of all English-speaking statesmen the *Review of Reviews* places him in greatness third only to Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury. Should he be characterized by that vitality which has sustained the other two great colonists, may if he live but ten years, he will make or mar the empire. He is an Oxford man and went to South Africa for his health. He has now the toughness of an elephant. He has been called thoroughly "American" in his ideas. He would give every English-speaking community in the world Home Rule. He made a personal gift of £10,000 to Parnell to be used for the Irish cause. His doctrine is that the English are the chosen people, destined to rule the world, but like Sir Henry Parkes he believes that the English-speaking races will only reign supreme through the advancement of true liberty.

English statesmen of to-day are for the most part mere tyros who never served their apprenticeship in the political workshop in which these colonists are old journeymen. Britain's own needs, as least as much as the legitimate claims of the colonies, demand their presence in the next cabinet. In this way, we know but that the weakness of the Liberals of Great Britain in men of the first rank as administrators and statesmen, may yet be the saving of the Empire by necessitating the admission within the magic circle of the cabinet of the hardier and more vigorous sons of Great Britain beyond the seas.

## Signora Fanny Zampini Salazaro.

On this page is given a portrait of an American woman, the product of "*emancipation*" of the female race in America, but of even more interest is the portrait of this Italian lady whose name is mentioned above. Her mission should command more sympathy than that of the woman suffragists. She is interested in obtaining a purer and more wholesome education for the women of Italy. *A higher* education in the truer sense of the word.

She says that the reformed code of Italy forbids girls to marry until fifteen, but at twelve a girl has begun to feel love's torments and love's ambitions. Marriage is the one thing to which an Italian girl clings. To marry a rich man is to her the acme of human felicity. The only person to whom she is allowed to speak freely is her confessor, who often does her no end of mischief by describing as sinful the noblest and loftiest aspirations of the girl's nature. Neither at home nor at school is there a general high tone in intellectual and moral life. Money is the one mark of aristocracy. Girls have no lofty conception of life. When educated in a convent they are stupid creatures, blushing for nothing, full of foolish prejudices and an easy prey to the corruptions of society when they leave their convent. Those who are educated in the national colleges are often ambitious cigarettes, who begin even when at school to set their cap at eligible husbands.

She has visited England and made many friends and sympathizers there. In the April *English Illustrated Magazine* she has a good article on Girlhood in Italy, which explains her objects and is very interesting.

### A Real Paris-Made Lady.

"Here, you get out of this! Don't let me catch you in this store again!"

A little feminine shriek followed this rough salutation.

I turned and beheld a beautiful and fashionably dressed young lady in the clutches of a tailor-made man. He had torn open a little bundle which she had just received from the package desk, had forced back her money into her hand, and with considerable roughness was hurrying her to the door.

The face of the young woman was a picture. She looked like an angry queen. Her eyes were aflame and half drowned in tears. Her magnificent teeth showed through the reddest kind of lips, and her clear complexion was like marble touched with the fine scarlet of flowers.

I was tempted to interfere, but having heard tales of kleptomania and other strange things in these great bazaars, and knowing the man beside to be a gentlemanly floor-walker—for this drama was taking place in one of the most fashionable stores in the city—I withheld my hand.

"Do I know that lady?" said the floor-walker, with a laugh. "I should say I do. She is a very grand lady, indeed. My dear sir, she is one of the tricks of the trade. That bewitching lady in Paris-made gown and imported bonnet is a salesgirl in the store of our enterprising neighbor on the next block. She gets eleven dollars a week. She came down here disguised as a customer, bought a dozen handkerchiefs as a blind, and proceeded to price a number of our goods in which our enterprising neighbor suspects we are underselling him. This is done so as to give him a tip how to mark his goods. In short, she is a spy; and as we are not permitted to hang spies in this warfare of trade, all we can do is to escort them to the picket lines and let them go. Now that this young lady has been discovered, her occupation in this particular line of usefulness is gone; but our neighbor will have another rigged up in less than no time. Eternal vigilance is the price of underselling."

"But do all the big stores keep these spies, as you call them?" I asked.

"Well," said the ungallant floor-walker, with a sly wink and smile, "they all of them do but ourselves."

### A Practical Woman.

Miss Minerva Parker, the young Philadelphia architect, has her hands full of work. She has just completed a large macaroni factory and has the contract for the club house of the New Century Club, the principal woman's club of Philadelphia. Miss Parker's grandfather was an architect and ship-designer and her mother, as she grew up, worked with him and became a good practical carpenter. Miss Parker has made a thorough study of the business and says it is a surprise to her to see women try to take it up without any adequate preparation. She says it is a business that has to be learned and thoroughly mastered like any other.

# THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"LET HIM GO!"

"I say, too, let him go," said Hilton, very quietly.

"But it is the law, Mr. Hilton," said the detective, sturdily. "The man hasn't any right to go clear! He's made himself liable for bribery and blackmail, and it would do me considerable good to punish him for it. Even if he is one of these wealthy young fellows about town, he has no right to bribe men to hurt other men's characters! And as for did this thing—we've got the very men whom he bribed, and know all about it!—he ought to suffer for it. It wouldn't hurt him much."

Frank Whitney laughed.

"That is what I say, Cunningham! I'm none too soft-hearted toward him when I think what he has done and what he did, no doubt, did he not know he has been discovered! I wish he would come, or that we could know what he has done."

"We might send to his house and inquire," suggested the detective, with an impatient frown. It was all very well for women to wish the man away, but for his part, he would much rather have him punished.

This suggestion was acted upon at once. A messenger boy was summoned and sent with a note to his house. He was to wait for a reply. It was full a half-hour after the time appointed for the engagement. That could have little hope of his keeping it. It was pretty clear that the man they wished to see—that two out of the group would give considerable to see—had escaped punishment and gone, perhaps, the width of the world apart from them!

"He could so easily have secured passage out on some one of the steamers either yesterday or to-day, or even have started for San Francisco to sail from there," said Frank Whitney, discontentedly. He was walking to and fro with his hands behind him and a frown upon his face.

"We can still telegraph to all ports and make sure," suggested Cunningham.

"No," said Roy, and he said it with his old decided manner. His old manner was slowly returning to him with his new happiness, although it would take months to bring back his health and appearance. "If he has gone, let him go. We will not have him traced. If he does not come here he may go where he will; I am content."

"And so am I," said his wife softly. She let Miss Kittie's hand fall and laid hers upon his shoulder very gently. She was so proud of her husband! "Even father says he would not have the man punished, if for no other reason than for the added scandal. You know we talked of that last evening; father here remembers," and she smiled across at the stern man at the table.

"Still," said Frank Whitney, laughing as he crossed over to Miss Kittie's side—she was sitting a little apart from the others and looked remarkably graceful and pretty—"still, Mrs. Hilton, it isn't quite safe to take part with anyone so clearly outraging the law when one of the law's agents is present! You make your self accessory to the deed by wishing to shield him——"

"I'm not shielding him," said Helen, smiling. "But we have had enough of courts and for a long, long while, and we will be much happier when we have done with them. We owe you so much, Mr. Cunningham, this sounds like treason; but it is like one side of the law I mean to shield and would be rid of!"

"And there are so many strange terms and twists in the law," said Miss Kittie, with remarkable gravity. She was leaning back in her chair, and Mr. Whitney stood beside her so that her face was within his view. She was very daring in her remarks, too, with her employer beside her.

"After all," said this quiet lawyer, with a flash of laughter in his eyes, yet looking down into those dark eyes, "after all, who knows but our charming friend may come in upon us in spite of our hopes and fears! We have no certain knowledge that he has gone; and I warn you, Miss Kittie, if he does come within our reach he will have as great abhorrence of the law as ever, and will be much pressed to be such a devoted admirer of it as you are, away from this room."

"But I have to make believe I am deeply interested in it," she said, wickedly—there was a nervousness upon them all although they talked so eagerly and would not let silence fall upon the room—because it is the only way I can earn a living, Mr. Whitney."

Was she teasing him again? He frowned and bit his lip; but she still looked very cool and innocent, leaning back among the puffy, blue cushions, and, manlike, he could not determine whether he were angry or pleased with this tormenting woman.

Whether there would have followed any argument upon this subject no one can say, for at that moment the footman announced the messenger returned, with the message that there was no reply—

"Mr. Neil Carlton having gone abroad."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANOTHER TRIAL.

Once more, from floor to gallery, the courtroom was crowded; but this time the sea of faces, the rows of windows with their frames, and the low spring winds, were turned upon another face in the prisoner's dock—a woman's face. Not one touch of stain rested upon or on the fair face and upright character and proud blood of Roy Hilton. Every whisper, when of him, was to his good. He had started to come up with Cheaney, to take back his bitter words, fighting down that mad passion that would have ruined his life had he allowed, but missing him, came out upon the cart track scarcely ten minutes after the terrible crime was committed and hastened to the village still in hopes of overtaking Cheaney, still fighting the demon in his heart that sometimes got mastery.

Again this crowd surged and breathed revengefully and still sat in utter silence through the trial. Roy Hilton was there and his beautiful young wife, so well hiding her exquisite face from the gaze of the crowd, and Miss Kittie and Mr. Whitney, and Graham and Manning and the other old hunting-party. John King was there of course and the boy. Poor Tom Day had friends now whom he might never have had but for these strange turnings of the wheel of fortune. For Roy Hilton took him from the dreary farm and into his own home.

The presentation of the case for the prosecution was clear, and the evidence tightened more and more those fine, unyielding webs of steel about the prisoner's head.

The counsel stated the case for defence in a few words when it came to summing up the evidence. There was so little that was to be said unless he chose to talk on aimlessly, and that he knew the crowd would never bear if the court would. And how startlingly strong stood the simple facts of the evidence for prosecution! They feared George Cheaney because he knew too much of their mode of securing the money they loved. He knew, as partner of this Hardman's lawyer, of transactions that would have placed them behind prison bars if he had whispered them against them. The farm he declared was so heavily mortgaged—of which he held the mortgage, was clear of debt, but through the shrewdness and his daring he had such papers as were necessary to give him the hold he needed upon this prosperous farm and he took the boy—whether because of some slight prick of conscience or because he feared to have him beyond his reach, who knew!—and no one dared question his right, knowing what manner of man he was.

And his lawyer was very shrewd, too! That lawyer in the town. He drew up the papers for a "consideration," and they were signed by witnesses and that was all that was needed with the forged signature attached, and so the farm passed into this miser's hands, and the boy was defrauded and given a home where a home should have been given, indeed!

And this wise lawyer was missing, too, when he was wanted; not a trace did he leave whereby to follow him. And there were other things as hard against the miser which George Cheaney could tell if he would, for he was a keen business man and was unyielding as a stone, where honor was questioned. And so it had come about that they would be rid of this troublesome lawyer, and they sent for him upon "important business," and he threatened them with exposure and they followed him through the woods—the old man and his niece—he waiting in the thicket with his rifle, well assured that a rifle shot would attract no attention—the woods being a hunting-ground—and the woman creeping stealthily along the thicket keeping watch.

And when the old man, softened by the pleasant face and pleasant voice calling for companionship, would have let his enemy go unharmed, this woman would not have it so. When he faltered, and the instant for the deed had almost passed, with its occurrence, even lowering the rifle and shrinking back among the rough briers and scrubby bushes—then she, this woman, sprang to his side, tore the rifle from the old man's trembling hands and sent the ball herself that ended Cheaney's life.

All this was witnessed by the boy who followed the woman in the wood—drawn by some subtle attraction—who hid him in the underbrush and waited what must come. He did not realize that he was marked upon which they were bent, and when his horrified eyes saw the deed, he did not dare to stir or cry out from fear. And after every he saw Roy Hilton come out through the thicket unconscious of the terrible crime, and then he stole away with this terror on his mind, and had not dared breathe it until it was told the detective. And so, the boy they had so wronged by fraud and greed, turned upon them and convicted them.

And then there was a slight stir throughout this vast crowd. The jury returned. They gave their verdict. Roy Hilton's turn replied in one word what his decision was upon the prisoner. Guilty! The silence of death fell over the crowd. The judge was passing sentence upon the prisoner:

"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

SUNLIGHT.

Fourteen months, and it was the heart of summer. The mountains were very peaceful with the hush of nature over them. The water was shadowed by their mighty forms pressing so close upon the edge. Out toward the middle of the lake the blue heavens were reflected deeper in color with more mystical clouds floating across it than overhead. The cry of a bird now and then fell musically through this silence, and again the murmur of soft laughter and voices telling of happy hearts was borne along upon the faint breeze that stole down between the pines, like a messenger of dryads hidden in the deep woods.

A group of young people were on the hotel piazza overlooking the lake—a group of young men, good-looking and good-natured, as though the world were running pretty smoothly through the quiet of the mountains—as it should run—this day of the summer when hearts ready to meet it with the gentler hearts of their companions.

"Where is Helen?" asked a sweet, young girl, arranging her pretty gown of pale blue so that the merest tip of a tiny slipper peeped into view, as she sat on the upper step of the piazza, recklessly unconscious that a pair of handsome masculine eyes were upon her piquant face. "Where is Helen? She has been invisible the whole day, and you all know that I am inconsolable without my beauty."

"Helen is out upon the lake with her husband, Carlie," answered another bright feminine voice. The girl who spoke was nearly invisible in the great bamboo chair with its cushions. There was a light fall of silk of chalid gold glimmering from that to the piazza floor and around the tiny feet crossed so artlessly, and a slim, white hand was lying with careless grace upon one of the red cushions.

The Babel of pretty voices, the confusion of masculine tones intermingled, hinting of bright eyes and light hearts, drifted down to the quiet lake, there at that moment, out from the shaw of the trees near the bank, a couple of canoes came lightly floating like the dainty film of clouds upon the blue heaven above.

The paddles just altered the surface of the lake into fairy ripples that widened and widened into long curves of dancing sparkles and flecks of jet as though the light of the upper world and the shadow of the lake's heart were struggling for mastery and only peace could conquer when the ripples died.

Two canoes, the paddles in each managed by young men—handsome, light-hearted, showing that the world went well with them and nothing but such ripples as struck the lake's surface could mar their peace. Two young men would not be so gay and light of heart and happy, paddling by themselves even upon such a lake as that. And two young men—or one young man—could never possess such a musical voice as the one chiming very sweetly along with the breeze in dainty song. And then two young men could never picture such evident certainty as the charming young women in the stern of each canoe! And no picturing could rival the brightness and the pleasantness of the restless sitting so easily and gracefully before them!

"Oh, it's very nice, very nice, indeed!" said one of these bright realities, with a soft laugh upon her red lips and the lashes obstinately hiding the dark gray eyes as one small hand went trailing along the water where the lights and shadows were so beautifully blended. "It couldn't be more perfect if it tried—this day! I think I should like"—how very distinctly and beautiful the musical voice came to us—"I think I should like very much to bring out all those dreadful law books and sink them down, down, down, with due solemnity, into the bottomless depths of the lake, Frank Whitney! They could not find a more fitting grave! Perhaps then you could bear to have me say that I like them——"

"Not of me?" interrupted her companion, quickly. "You would not be so cruel as that, Kittie."

Still he never knew what this young woman was likely to say.

"We-ll," said Miss Kittie, with a deep sigh, and she took her hand from the water and wiped it very sedately and carefully upon a dainty film of handkerchief, "it is pretty difficult to decide upon that at this moment, Frank Whitney. What I really wished to say is—if you would only not interrupt me so often—that I am tired of being cross any longer, and—maybe——"

"Oh, I see!" said the young man, with sudden smiling upon his lips. "For that I will forgive you any other unkindness you may have offered me, Kittie Belaire. And in return I shall ask you——"

"No! don't!" protested Miss Kittie, with great haste, turning her eyes away from the light in his. "Helen and her husband are coming this way—and—and the piazza is in full view—and it is just as nice—by moonlight——"

"Well!" retorted the young man, dipping the paddle very deliberately in the shining water, his eyes upon the turned, eloquent face. "You are the strangest little bit of womanhood I ever came across, Kittie Belaire. But the moonlight and the piazza may be more appropriate for what I have to say than the open lake, especially as Hilton and his wife are coming."

At that moment the other canoe came in sight again; they started different ways; and the soft drift of song from the beautiful lips of the woman at the stern blended too musically upon the tender air for further harsh words of any lovers' quarrel.

"There is no place in all the world like Loon Lake for mystery," declared this beautiful woman, as the two canoes glided side by side and drifted on over the exquisite surface, as though there were not anywhere in the wide world, indeed, any place of disquiet or the struggle for life.

"I do not know in the world who looks so charming upon it," added Miss Kittie, with a soft touch of laughter in her voice, though her friends knew quite well the depth of her sincerity and admiration for this friend of hers. "If it were possible for me to be more jealous than I am at this minute, I should think the fates might have made me more like yourself, Helen. I don't wonder poor Tom adores you, or," again that wicked hint of more than was uttered in her soft voice—"or the perfect belief your husband has in you."

"If I did not believe in my wife," said Roy, and he was once more the frowned-faced, handsome, agreeable man of old, though still there was a gravity upon him that his trial must impose upon him, being the man he was—"if I did not believe in my wife, I would forever blush for my lack of manliness, Miss Kittie. There is no other woman in the world like her."

"Plenty of them, Roy," said his wife, laughing; but the eyes meeting his were sweet with pleasure at his praise. "You have never looked for them or you would have had no trouble to discover many."

"But, then, they would not be your wife," interposed Miss Kittie, calmly. "That makes so much difference, Helen, dear."

"And Roy being my husband," said Helen, laughing, "of course, I have the utmost faith in him and his belief—every one has—every one, now."

"And always," added Frank Whitney, quietly; but he could not meet Miss Kittie's eyes as he said this, for he remembered the confession he made to her of his distrust of his friend when most he was tried. But Miss Kittie was not the woman to repeat such words—ever.

"Ask Tom, if you doubt it," added Miss Kittie, merrily, with a dash of her hand into the cool surface of the quiet lake. "Ask Tom."

"And the two men who were let off so easily at the trial through his intercession," added the lawyer gravely.

"Ask any one," continued Helen, very softly, her shining eyes upon her husband's face. "Ask my father; ask his friends—any one."

"And so, with such friends as this," said Roy, gently, a smile in his eyes, though his voice was grave and there was a deepening of the new expression that had come upon his face since that trial, "and so even that dark cloud that hid for so long the sunlight has drifted quite away, and happiness has returned to my wife—and me."

"And your friends through you," said Frank Whitney, smiling. "And even the evil wish of that traitorous friend who would have spoiled your life, could not harm you—or your wife."

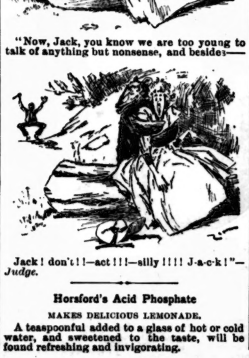
"No," said Roy, gravely, his eyes straying to the solemn mountains, where the shadows of falling twilight were deepening. "No; I am glad he went away, and that we let him go. Wherever he is, I wish him no harm. I have but one regret, and that is that George left me with my harsh words in his heart. He was such a noble fellow."

"The humiliation of defeat was enough for Neil Carlton," said Helen, after a moment's pause, her eyes, too, following her husband's over the stretch of mysterious lake to the towering depths of the water. "I wish him no harm, either. And I think—I am sure, Roy—that George knows. If peace could fall upon all the world as it has fallen upon us, it would be my greatest wish that it should be over evil and good, over just and unjust—over all."

"That wish is like you," said Kittie, softly; and there was a glimmer as of tears in her eyes, but she turned them down upon the shadowed lake, that none should know. "Like you—and your husband, Helen Hilton."

And the ripple of the water against the prow of the canoes as they glided on toward the shore was like the faint echo of the wish from the mysteries of the great lake where no sunlight ever fathomed the darkness.

THE END.



"Bess, you have kept me in suspense long enough. For at least six months I have adored you. I can never stand by and see you in another's embrace—never!!"



"Now, Jack, you know we are too young to talk of anything but nonsense, and besides——"



Jack! don't!!—act!!!—silly!!!! J-a-c-k!"—*Judge.*

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate**

MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

## The Big Lie.

*(In Three Parts)—Part I.*

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

The day's work was done, and a good day's work it was. We had bagged a couple of fine bucks and a fat doe; and now we lay camped at the foot of the Balsam Range of mountains in North Carolina, preparing for our supper. We were a right merry group of seven—four professional hunters and three amateurs, myself among the latter. There was Jim Fisher, Aleck Wood, Sam or Sharp Snaffles alias "Yaou," and Nathan Langford alias the "Pious."

These were our professional hunters. Our amateurs may well continue nameless, as their achievements do not call for any present record.

There stood our tent pitched at the foot of the mountains, with a beautiful cascade leaping headlong toward us, and subsiding into a mountain tunnel, and finally into a little lakelet, the waters of which, edged with perpetual foam, were as clear as crystal.

Our baggage wagon, which had been sent round to meet us by trail routes through the gorges, stood near the tent, which was of stout army canvas.

That baggage wagon held a variety of luxuries. There was a barrel of the best boiled wheat flour. There were a dozen choice hams, and a sack of the best Rio coffee. A keg of tobacco and of cigars, and last, not least, a corpulent barrel of Western usquebaugh, vulgarly "whisky," to say nothing of a pint of demijohns of equal dimensions containing peach brandy of mountain manufacture, the other the luscious honey from the mountain hives.

We had killed this on Saturday night. It is the night dedicated among the professional hunters to what is called "The Lying Camp."

Then, they would not be your wife," interposed Miss Kittie, calmly. "That makes so much difference, Helen, dear."

"And Roy being my husband," said Helen, laughing, "of course, I have the utmost faith in him and his belief—every one has—every one, now."

"And always," added Frank Whitney, quietly; but he could not meet Miss Kittie's eyes as he said this, for he remembered the confession he made to her of his distrust of his friend when most he was tried. But Miss Kittie was not the woman to repeat such words—ever.

"Ask Tom, if you doubt it," added Miss Kittie, merrily, with a dash of her hand into the cool surface of the quiet lake. "Ask Tom."

"And the two men who were let off so easily at the trial through his intercession," added the lawyer gravely.

"Ask any one," continued Helen, very softly, her shining eyes upon her husband's face. "Ask my father; ask his friends—any one."

"And so, with such friends as this," said Roy, gently, a smile in his eyes, though his voice was grave and there was a deepening of the new expression that had come upon his face since that trial, "and so even that dark cloud that hid for so long the sunlight has drifted quite away, and happiness has returned to my wife—and me."

"And your friends through you," said Frank Whitney, smiling. "And even the evil wish of that traitorous friend who would have spoiled your life, could not harm you—or your wife."

"No," said Roy, gravely, his eyes straying to the solemn mountains, where the shadows of falling twilight were deepening. "No; I am glad he went away, and that we let him go. Wherever he is, I wish him no harm. I have but one regret, and that is that George left me with my harsh words in his heart. He was such a noble fellow."

"The humiliation of defeat was enough for Neil Carlton," said Helen, after a moment's pause, her eyes, too, following her husband's over the stretch of mysterious lake to the towering depths of the water. "I wish him no harm, either. And I think—I am sure, Roy—that George knows. If peace could fall upon all the world as it has fallen upon us, it would be my greatest wish that it should be over evil and good, over just and unjust—over all."

"That wish is like you," said Kittie, softly; and there was a glimmer as of tears in her eyes, but she turned them down upon the shadowed lake, that none should know. "Like you—and your husband, Helen Hilton."

And the ripple of the water against the prow of the canoes as they glided on toward the shore was like the faint echo of the wish from the mysteries of the great lake where no sunlight ever fathomed the darkness.

THE END.

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all in a flusteration. And she ups and tells me how old John Grimstead, and he's bachelor to fifty years or more, and he's a'ter her, and bekaise he's got a good farm, and mules and horses, how her daddy's giving him the open-mouth incouragement.

"Then I says to Merry Ann:

"'You sees I kain't put off no longer. I must out with it, and axe your daddy at onst.' And then her scary fit come on agin, and she begs me not to—not jist yit. But I swans by all the Holykins that I put off another day; and so, as I haird the old man was in the house that very hour, I lef Merry Ann in the woods, all in a trembling, and I jist wetted my feet, determined to have the figure straight, odd or even. I was jubious; but I jist bolted into the house, as free and easy and bold as if I was the very best customer that the old man wanted to see.

Here Yaun paused to renew his draught of peach and honey.

"Well, jedge, I put a bold face on the business, thought my hairt was gittin' up into my throat, and I was almost a-gasping for my breath when I was fairly in the big room, and standing up before the old squaire. He was a-setting in his big squar hide-bottom'd arm-chair, long like a jedge upon the bench jist about to send a poor fellow to the gallows. As he seed me come in, looking queer enough, I reckon, his mouth put on a sort of grin, and he showed all his grinders, and he looked for all the world as if he guessed the business I come about. But he said good-natured enough:

"'Well, Sam Snaffles, how goes it?'

"I said to myself:

"'It's jest as well to git the worst at onst, and then thar'll be an end of the oneasiness.' So I up and told him, in pretty soft, smooth sort of speechifying, as how I was mighty fond of Merry Ann, and she, I was a-thinking, on me, and that I jest come to ax if I might hev Merry Ann for my wife.

"Then he opened his eyes wide, as if he never expected to hear sich a proposal from me.

"'What!' says he. 'You?'

"'Jest so, squaire,' says I. 'Ef it pleases you to believe me, and to consider it reasonable, the axing.'

"He sot quiet for a minit or more, then he gets up, knocks all the fire out of his pipe on the chimney, fills it, and lights it agin, and then comes straight up to me, whar I was a setting the chair in front of him, and without a word he takes the collar of my coat betwixt the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and he says:

"'Git up, Sam Snaffles. Git up, ef you pleays.'

"We, I gits up, and he says:

"'Hyar. Come Hyar.'

"And with that he leads me right across the room to a big looking-glass that hung agin the partition wall, and thar he stops before the glass, facing it and holding me by the collar all the time.

"Now that looking-glass, jedge, was about the biggest I ever did see. It was a-most three feet high, and a-most two feet wide, and it had a bright, broad frame, shiny like gold, with a heap of leetle figgers worked all round it. I reckon thar's no sich glass now in all the mountain country.

"Well, thar he hed me up, both on us standing in front of this glass, whar we could a-most see the whole of our full figgers from head to foot.

"And when we hed stood thar for a minit or so, he says, quite solemn like:

"'Look in the glass, Sam Snaffles.'

"So I looked.

"'Well,' says I, 'I sees you, Squaire Hopson, and myself, Sam Snaffles.'

"'Look good,' says he; 'obzarve well.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I'm a-looking with all my eyes, and I sees what I sees.'

"'But you don't obzarve,' says he. 'Looking and seeing's one thing, says he, 'but obzarving's another. Now obzarve.'

"By this time, jedge, I was getting sort o' riled, for I could see that somehow he was jest a-trying to make me feel redickilous. So I says:

"'Look you, Squaire Hopson, ef you thinks I never seed myself in a glass afore this, you're mighty mistaken.'

"'Very well,' says he. 'Now obzarve. You sees your own figger, and your face, and you air obzarving as well as you know how. Now, Sam Snaffles—now that you've hed a leetle look at yourself—just now answer me, from your honest conscience, a'ter all you've seen, ef you honestly thinks you're the sort of pusson for her my da'ter.'

"And with that he gin me a twist, and when I wheeled round he had wheeled round too, and thar we stood full facing one another.

"'Lawd! how I was riled! But I answered, quick:

"'And why now, I'd like to know, Squaire Hopson? I ain't the handsomest man in the world, but I'm not the ugliest; and folks don't generally consider me among the uglies. I'm as tall a man as you, and as stout and strong, and as good a man o' my inches as ever stepped in shoe leather. And it's enough to tell you, squaire, whatever you may think, that Merry Ann believes in me, and she's a way of thinking that I'm jest about the very pusson that ought to her her.'

"'Merry Ann's thinking,' says he, 'don't run all fours with her fayther's thinking. I axed you, Sam Snaffles, to obzarve yourself in the glass. I feelied you that onpolite I'd edeed you obzarving. You seed only the inches; you seed that you hed eyes, and mouth, and nose, and the arms and legs of a man. But eyes and mouth and legs and arms don't make a man.'

"'Oh, they don't,' says I.

"'No, indeed,' says he. 'I seed that you hed all them; but then I seed thar was one thing that you hedn't got.'

"'Jimini!' says I, mightly confused. 'What thing a-wanting to me to make me a man?'

"'Capital,' says he, and he lifted himself up and looked mighty grand.

"'Capital,' says I; 'and what's that?'

"'Thar air many kinds of capital,' says he. 'Money's capital, for it kin buy everything; house and lands is capital; cattle and horses and sheep, when thar's enough on em', is capital. And as I obzarved you in the glass, Sam Snaffles, I seed that capital was the very thing that you wanted to make a man of you. Now, I don't mean that any da'ter of mine shall marry a pusson that's not a perfect man. I obzarved you long ago, and seed what you was wanting. I axed about you. I axed your horse.'

"'Axed my horse!' says I, pretty nigh dumbfoundered.

"'Yes; I axed your horse, and he said to me, "Look at me. I hain't got an ounce of spare flesh on my bones. You kin count all my ribs. You kin lay the whole length of your arm betwixt any two on 'em, and it'll lie thar as snug as a black snake betwixt two poles of a log-house." Says he, "Sam's got no capital. He ain't got any time five bushels of corn in his crib, and he's such a big monstrous feeder himself that he'll eat out four bushels, and think it mighty hard upon him to give me the other one." Thar, now, was your horse's testimony, Sam, agin you. Then I axed about your cabin, and your way of living. I was curious, and went to see you one day when I knew you was a-bee at home. You hed but one chair, which you gin me to sit on, and you sot on the end of a barrel for yourself. You gin me a saucer of bacon what hedn't a streak of fat in it. You hed a poor quarter of a foreder dog hanging from the rafters, a poor beast that somebody hed clubbed—'

"'I shot it myself,' says I.

"'Well it was a dying when you shot it, and all the hunters says you was a poor shooter at anything. Your cabin hed but one room, and that you slept in and ate in, and the floor was six inches deep in dirt. Says I to myself, says I, "This poor fellow's got no capital; and he hasn't the head to git capital;" and from that moment Sam Snaffles, the more I observed you the more sartin 'twas that you never could be a man of your wuss to a thousand years.

"A'ter that long speechifying, jedre, you might ha' ground me up in a mill, bled me up in a pot, and scattered me over a mile of heap, and I wouldn't ha' been able to say a word.

"I cotched up my hat and was a-gwine, when he said to me, with his deferred internal ugly grin:

"'Take another look in the glass, Sam Snaffles, and obzarve well, and you'll see jest whar it is I thinks that you're wanting.'

"I didn't stop for any more. I jest bolted, like a hot shot out of a shovel, and didn't know my own self, or whatever steps I tuk, till I got into that thicket and met Merry Ann coming toward me.

"I must liquor now.

"'Well, jedge, I was a hard meeting betwixt me and Merry Ann. The poor gal come to me in a sort of run, and hairdly drawing her breath, she cried out:

"'O Sam! What does he say!'

"'What could I say? How tell her? I jest wrapped her up in my arms, and I cries out, making some violent remarks about the old squaire.

"Then she screamed, and I hed to squeeze her up, more close than ever, and I reckon, more than a dozen times, jest to keep her from gwine into historical fits. I telled her all, from beginning to end.

"'I telled her the truth, some truth in what the old man said; that I hedn't been keerful to do the thing as I ought; that the house was mean and dirty, and that I hedn't been as good a poor; that I hed been thinking too much about her own self to think about other things; but that I would do better, mighty, I telled her, put things right, git corn in the crib, git 'capital' of I could, and make a good, comfortable home for her.

"'Look you, Merry Ann,' says I, 'Merry Ann. Does I look like a man?'

"'You're all the man I wants,' says she.

"'That's enough,' says I, 'and I will see what I kin do, and what I will do. That's ef you air true to me.'

"And she throwed herself upon my buzzom and cried out:

"'I'll be true to you, Sam. I loves nobody in all the world so much as I loves you.'

"'And still you won't marry any other man, Merry Ann, no matter what your daddy says?'

"'Never,' she says.

"'And you won't listen to this old bachelor fellow, Grimstead, that's got the capital already, no matter how they spurs you?'

"'Never,' she says.

"'Sw'ar it,' says I, 'sw'ar it, Merry Ann, that you will be my wife, and never marry Grimstead.'

"'I sw'ars it,' she says, kissing me, bekaize we had no book.

"'Now,' says I, 'Merry Ann, that's not enough. Cuss him for my sake, and to make it sartin. Cuss that fellow Grimstead.'

"'O Sam, I kain't cuss,' says she, 'that's wicked.'

"'Cuss him on my account,' says I—'to my credit.'

"'Oh,' says she, 'don't ax me. I kain't do that.'

"'Says I, 'Merry Ann, if you don't cuss that fellow some way, I do believe you'll go over to him a'ter all. Jest you cuss him, now. Any small cuss will do, ef you're in airnest.'

"'Well,' says she, 'ef that's your idee, then I says, "Drat his skin," and drat my skin, too, ef ever I marries anybody but Sam Snaffles.'

"'That'll do, Merry Ann,' says I. 'And now I'm easy in my soul and conscience. And now, Merry Ann, I'm gwine off to git jest and git the "capital." Ef it's the "capital" that's needed to make a man of me, I'll git it, by all the Holy Holykins, I'll kin.'

"'And so, after a million of squeezes and kisses, we parted; and she slipt through the woods, the back way to the house, and I mounted my horse to go to my cabin. But, afore I mounted the beast, I gin him a dozen kicks in his ribs, jest for bearing his testimony again me, and telling the old squaire that I hedn't 'capital' enough for a corn crib.

"'I was mightily let down, as you may think, by old Squaire Hopson; but I was mightily lifted up by Merry Ann.

"'But when I got to my cabin, and see how mean everything was there, and thought how true it was all the old squaire Hopson had said, I felt overkim, and I said to myself, 'It's all true. How kin I bring that beautiful paller flower of the forest to live in this poor cabin, and what kin I give her for accommydations? She that had everything comforting and nice about her.'

"Then I considered all about capital and it growed on me until I begin to see that a man might hev good legs and arms and thighs and a good face of his own and yet not be a perfect and proper man a'ter all. I hed lived, you see, jedge, to be twenty-three years of age, and was living no better than a three-year-old b'ar, in a sort of cave, sleeping on shuck and straw and never looking a'ter to-morrow.

"'I couldn't sleep all that night for the thinking and obzarvations. That impudent talking of old Hopson put me on a new track. I couldn't give up hunting. I knowed no other business, and I didn't hafe know that.

"'Well, jedge, as I said, I had a most miserable night of consideration and obzarvation and concatenation accordingly. I felt all over mean, 'cept now and then, when I thought of dear Merry Ann, and her felicities and cordialities and fidelities and then the cuss which she gin under the silver moon. 'Drot' to that dried-up old bachelor Grimstead. But I got to sleep at last. And I had a dream. And I thought I seed the prettiest woman critter in the world, next to Merry Ann, standing close by my bedside; and, at first, I thought 'twas Merry Ann, and I was gwine to kiss her agin; but she drawed back and said:

"'Scuse me. I'm not Merry Ann, but I'm her friend and your friend; so don't you be down in the mouth, but git up and git capital, you'll hev help, and git the "capital" whar you don't look for it now. It's only needful that you be determined on good works and making a man of yourself.'

"A'ter that dream I slept like a top, woke at day peep, took my rifle, called up my dog, saddled my horse, and put out for the laurel hollows.

"Well, I hunted all day, made several starts, but some something; my dog ran off, the rascally pup, and, I reckon, ef Squaire Hopson had met him he'd na' said 'twas bekaise I starved him. Fact is, we hedn't any on us wuss to eat that day, and the old man's ribs stood out bigger than ever.

"All day I rode and followed the track and got nothing.

"Well, jest about sunset I come to a hollow of the hills that I hed never seed before; and in the middle of it was a great pond of water, what you call a lake, and it showed like so much purple glass in the sunset, and 'twas jest as smooth as the looking-glass of Squaire Hopson's. Thar wasn't a breath of wind stirring.

"I was mighty tired, so I eased down from the mar', tied up the bridle and check, and let her pick about, and laid myself down under a tree, jest about twenty yards from the lake, and thought to myself onti! the moon rose which I knowed would be about seven o'clock.

"I didn't mean to fall asleep, but I did it; and I reckon I slept a good two hours, for when I woke the dark had set in, and I could only see one or two bright stars hyar and thar, shooting out from the dark of the trees, and I hed jest nothing, I haird; and jest sich a sound and noise as I never haird before.

"Thar was a rushing and a roaring and a screaming and a splashing, like a bull in the water as made you think the universal world was coming to an end.

"All that set me up. I was waked up out of sleep and dream, and my eyes opened to everything that eye could see; and sich another sight I never seed before. I tell you, jedge, ef there was one wild goose settling down in that lake thar was one hundred thousand of 'em. I couldn't see the end of 'em. They come every minit, swarm a'ter swarm, in tens and twenties and fifties and hundreds; and sich a fuss as they did make; sich a gabbling, sich a splashing, sich a confusion, that I was confusterated; and I jest lay whar I was, a-watching 'em.

"'You see, poor seed beasts so happy. How they flapped their wings; how they gabbled to one another; how they swam hyar and thar, to the very inches of it, jest a little afraid to come in. I lay equal, never moving leg or arm. It was wonderful to see. I wondered how they could find room, for I reckon thar wur forty thousand on 'em, and still they kept coming in droves.

"'Well, as I watched them, I said to myself:

"'Now, if a fellow could only captivate all them wild critters, and git them tuk home, I reckon—what would they bring in the market at Spartanburg and Greenville?' Walker, I Reckoned, would hey tuv you quick at fifty cents a head. Forty thousand geese at fifty cents. Thar was capital.

"'I kind ha' fired in among 'em with my rifle, never taking aim, and killed a dozen or more at a single shot; but what was a poor dozen geese when thar waur forty thousand to captivate?

"'What a haul 'twould be of a man could only git 'em all in one net! Kiver them all at a fling!

"'The idee worked like so much fire in my brain.

"'How can it be done?

"'That was the question.

"'Kin it be done?' I axed myself.

"'It kin,' I said to myself; 'and I'm the very man to do it.

"'Then I got up and tuk to my horse and rode home.

"'And that, when I had swallowed my bit of hoe-cake and bacon and a good strong cup of coffee, and got into bed, I couldn't sleep, thinking how I was to git them geese.

"'But I jest nearing the right idee every minit, and when I was fast asleep it came to me in my dream.

"'I axed the same beautifullest young woman agin that hed given me the incouragement before to go ahead, and she helped me out with the idee.

"'So in the morning I went to work. I rode off to Spartanburg, and bought all the twine and cord and hafe the plough-lines in town; and I got a lot of great thick needles, big enough to make the tanglement parfect; and I got lead for sinkers, and I got cork-wood for floaters; and I jined them home jist as fast as my poor mar' could streak it.

"'I was at work day and night for nigh on to a week, making my net; and I tell you, jedge, I borrowed a mule and cart from Columbus Mills thar—he'll tell you all about it, he kin make his affidavy to the truth of it.

"'Well, off I drive with my great net, and got to the lake about noonday. I knowed 'twould take me some hours to get my fixings parfect, and get the net properly stretched across the lake, and jest deep enough to do the dangling of every leg of the birds in the very midst of their swimming, and snorting, and splashing, and covorting. When I hed fixed it all fine, and jest as I wanted it, I brought the ends of my plough-lines up to where I was gwine to hide myself. This was onder a strong sapling; and my calkilation was, when I hed got the beasts all hooked, forty thousand, more or less—and I could tell how that was from feeling on the line—why, then, I'd whip the line round the sapling, hitch it fast, and draw in my birds at my own ease, without axing much about their comfort.

*(To be Continued.)*

## To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns Saturday Night Office.]

A Constant Reader.—Quotations are not studied.

Agatha.—Postal cards not studied. I am not a fortune teller.

Ione.—Very constant, gentle, generous, conscientious, honest and true, hopeful and perhaps a good conversationalist, rather impulsive.

Ignatius.—Very active, original, not very artistic nor emotional, generous, sympathetic, with some intuition, and great self-reliance. Study was rather brief.

Ipsution.—Writing shows an even temper, steady habits, perseverance, domesticity, a hopeful disposition, some originality, probably a generous friend and a forgiving foe.

Ishmal.—Writing shows lack of perseverance, conscientious force, but apt to be fitful and capricious, a little humor, lack of culture, but honesty of purpose, some tendency to coarseness and hasty conclusions.

May.—Writing shows independence, hopefulness, sufficient tenacity, some amiability, generosity, a little carelessness, intuition, some affection, the head of a person of little nervous energy, but probably easy to get on with.

Shorthand.—Don't know how you came to be slighted. Writing shows great ideality, tact, sympathy, generosity, love of humor, hopefulness, love of chat, not enough persistence nor decision, but altogether a sweetly feminine nature.

Twilight.—Writing shows truth, earnestness, amiability, not great tenacity of purpose, generosity, little intuition, some of the noblest descriptive faculties combined therewith, some impulse, some conversational ability. You should be a very reliable friend.

Rudy X.—Writing shows some talent, want of application and some carelessness in speech and fickleness in temper, but a generous disposition, probably very kind hearted, great kindness and love of beauty, some talent for music, rather easy going and contented.

Ruth.—Writing shows some reserve, talent and thoughtfulness, lack of poetic fancy, some decision and generosity, slight carelessness, not enough tenacity, no ideality. You would be a good friend and in waiting. Not very hopeful but true in love or friendship.

A Doubter.—Writing shows deliberation, vacillation, want of decision, a slight hard-to-convince kind of body, no artistic taste, no ideality, not much generosity, but some conscientiousness. The kind of writing that makes me tired to read, it is so unsympathetic.

Griffa.—Writing shows persistence and some sympathetic feeling, little ideality, no artistic taste, great decision, determination, impatience of detail. You would not make a successful organizer. You are very conscientious, and probably have the courage of your opinions.

Eva.—Writing shows variable temper, not much force of will, deliberation, lack of ideality. You are probably unpoetical, unimaginative, though not devoid of taste, very conscientious, not very hopeful, of rather erratic disposition in matters of affection, in fact you are a peculiar study, Eva.

Nur.—Thanks for your charming little letter. Writing shows caution, truth, perseverance, want of ideality, some cleverness. You are fond of a chat and very good company. You can practise from good roundhand copies. Your writing is very plain, but lacking in grace and beauty. Enclosure mislaid.

Frool.—Writing shows originality, animation, love of fun, some modesty and imagination, curiosity, candor, neatness. The author of A Parson's Daughter is unknown to me. Sometimes I get a sufficiently startling letter to answer my speculations, but I haven't much time for wondering. See answer to Washington.

Lady Bird.—Thanks, some temper, generosity, frankness, caprice. I would not choose between them—they appeal to the two different sides of my character. The Roman nose isn't pretty, but it isn't always objectionable on a lady's face. They say big-nosed women are clever, sometimes. Confess yourself with that fancy.

Wild Flower.—"O as touch of nature," dear lady. I can never quite sympathize in such a sorrow but I come as near as I dare to your Rachel, with hopefulness, tact, and hearty wish to help them. Your writing shows constancy, some intuition, love of music and poetry and sight, nervous energy. Your letter was most welcome.

Rosa.—Writing shows ideality, intuition, conscientiousness, tenacity of purpose, sympathy, a little carelessness, decided optimism, I don't see any temper though enough decision. I know very well some of the trials of such a correspondent, and am glad you are fitted to weigh its attractions. Should say you were sure to be successful.

De Relmo.—I. Writing shows great tenacity and determination, rather much self-contained and reserved disposition, some talent, no poetry or imagination, a little pride, love of method, little fancy for the opposite sex. I should think you very honest and truthful, perhaps a little impatient of control. 2. Q estion too vague; did you mean in handwriting?

Mozer.—Both letters are to hand. Writing shows great sense of the ridiculous. Don't you laugh often, Mozer? Writing shows tact, little generosity or poetic fancy, good tact, but great love of your own way, by this I don't necessarily imply anything unpleasant, merely that you have, consciously or not, little mannerisms and opinions very strongly set.

Wanderer.—Writing shows tenacity of purpose, impulse, honesty, lack of constancy, you are fond of an argument, and don't like to be beaten, perhaps you are self-opinated. You are energetic and successful in your undertakings. Because you weren't impatient you got your answer out of turn. Your opinion of Don was duly passed on. Address Lady Gay.

Aerie Sylvous.—Writing shows much ideality, large and and generous feelings, love of beauty, probably aptitude for music, great imagination, you should be a capital conversationalist but don't monopolize), candor, sufficient perseverance, in time of trouble I should be afraid you would despond, temper is variable and you're a little prejudiced in your likes and dislikes.

Pearl Pringle.—Things are changed since a year ago, fair lady! I have also noticed that appreciative take it for granted some of your conversation friends. Never mind them they'll find out their mistake. Writing shows some intuition, little temper, great veneration, hasty judgment, neatness, great originality, fondness of social intercourse. It is very characteristic. Thanks very much for kind Easter wishes.

Tottie S.—1. Writing shows marked originality, decided talent, love of mirth, though probably dismal with pessimism, little sympathy or sentiment, not great energy, though immense fortitude, constancy and pertinacity. You probably are fond of a book or two by crook. It is a very unique and interesting study and demands more time than I possess to do it satisfactory justice. 2. No, she should not wear any sort of wrap or mantle.

Lena.—1. Writing shows some persistence, constancy, determination. Your nature is rather conscious and kindly, and you have some love of things beautiful but your taste is crude and needs culture. You are careful and conscientious, and should be very pleased. Probably you have plenty of time before you in which to improve yourself. 2. Your hair is golden, in the transition stage. It will probably darken to brown.

Madchen.—1. Oils. 2. It is probably stick varnish. 3. Mix very the sponge well, and then wet and redamp the strips, bake very carefully so as not to brown them, and when cool lift off with pancake turner, touch flat side with white of egg and stick together, two and three redamp to the oven to dry. Writing shows talent, marred by want of application and carelessness, great originality, fondness for fiction, hopefulness. Should not fancy you'd be a graceful artist, but you have some fine traits.

W. H. P.—Writing shows thoroughness, attention to detail, determination, not much intuition. You are not a carpet knight, rather practical and prone to common place. Your style is matter-of-fact and unimaginative, conservative in your ways and opinions. You lack largeness of thought, but are no doubt very conscientious and fond of your sandor hurts. In spite of the impression of slowness given by my delineation your life is lived very fully and I am almost tempted to say happily.

Pyrrha.—1. Cleanliness, plenty of sleep, wholesome food and a good temper, a hearty laugh helps the circulation famously. 2. Wear gloves in all kid if ones, with the palms cut out. Rub with sliced lemon, always wash gloves after washing. 3. Yes, in moderation it is very enjoyable, and there are some very pleasant people there. Writing shows originality, some talent, love of art and music, little caprice and fickleness, candor, but sufficient tact to balance it, love of mirth.

Blue Eyes.—Writing shows no intuition, little ideality, reserve, some carelessness and lack of respect, little artistic taste. I cannot guess your age as some hand-writings are the final form and others the initial one. I think you're very ancient. You certainly have ambition, but whether it is definite enough to benefit you I am not sure. Your disposition is good, but rather deficient in, are self-willed but hardly selfish, and you are not very reliable, perhaps because you aren't always clear as to your own course.

Enquirer.—1. I don't think there is. If they were properly done they were sure to be looked at. 2. Which is the least idea, but supposing you did, do you think you'd have the least chance of success? You are too young and too inexperienced. Writing shows want of culture and intuition, some decision, carelessness of style and lack of facility. It has not developed sufficiently to make it a satisfactory study, but there are splendid possibilities in it. Study, observe and wait until you are more advanced for the move you enquire about.

Tommy H.—I don't object to the number but to the style of your questions. When will you girls and boys realize that this column is only for serious questions? I don't know what your vocation in life will be. How should it? 2. Bulwer Lytton wrote Richelieu. 3. Not unless you get the regulable number of marks. What a goose you are! 4. You may ask as many questions as you wish, and I will do my best to answer them, if they are answerable, but I would suggest that you show consideration for your own self by making your queries more sensible.

Harvard.—Are you a regular subscriber to this column. Now for some fun for some one else at your expense! Your writing shows honesty, fickleness, small generosity, lack of caution and perseverance, tendency to exaggeration, love of chatter, a sense of justice and truth, which makes you sometimes uncomfortable—for obvious reasons. You are good company and probably something of a flirt. Aren't you a little given to hard judgment and unfavorable comparisons? If I knew you I should like you so well that your little faults would seriously worry me.

Stephanus.—Writing shows great force and nervous impulse, sufficient perseverance, love of a joke, even on yourself, though temper seems to be rather uncertain, somewhat much sense of proportion or love of order, but no littleness nor petty foibles. Stay, yes, there is one little crack, and it is not a pretty one. Have you never done it fairly? Your writing is a very fine study, interesting from its large power and force and the fine spirit which shows it is altogether manly and likeable. Let the right prevail always, in the struggle that must necessarily go on in a forceful character like yours.

Toronto Girl Abroad.—Quotations are not usually studied, but in consideration of your circumstances and the disappointment you evidently felt, I will look my rule for once, and if the delineation is not complete blame the quotations. Writing shows great ideality, perceptive, poetic feeling, some sense of humor and penchant for society, decidedly erratic impulse, great tenacity of purpose, some nervous energy, fairly good in the expression of ideas. The generosity and intuition necessary to enjoy and appreciate the sweet and comprehensive sympathy their absence. 2. A wayward impulse, not always elevating.

Marguerite, St. Marys.—Culture of the mental faculties does not necessarily imply refinement of manner, nor even ability, but it were strange indeed to find an intellectual woman with the failings you detect in yours. The last I see too awful for my contemplation and ought to earn her a speedy release. You will perhaps have found something in last week's Between You and Me that will answer part of your query. Writing shows originality, observation, some generosity, some force of character, little tact, little feeling of an intimate friend, that I can't study it fairly. Write to Lady Gay on any subject which arouses your interest and you will gladly read letters.

Carrie F.—Writing shows perseverance, geniality, aptitudes to learn and adapt, generosity, some caprice, good sense, good nature, fondness for society. You would not be hard to entertain and would contribute your full share to the entertainment of others. You are hopeful, fond of fun and probably popular with your acquaintances. I think your note of thanks is the very best. You are conscious and intuition and ideality, affection and gentleness, though a little hastiness of temper. The writer is apt to indulge in indifferent and indifferent and to magnify their virtues out of just proportion. She is very woman-like and disposed to rely upon strength of mind, temper, is precise and neat in her habits, and though not born to command others can always command herself.

Lily.—1. Yes. Their number is 120. 2. The Russian division of the Greek Church differs from the Roman Catholic. 1. It rejects the supremacy of Rome. 2. It permits married men to become priests. 3. It forbids the use of images in worship, though it permits pictures. 4. It administers both bread and wine in the sacrament. 5. It denies the existence of purgatorial fires, but admits the principle of the intermediate state, and it prays for the dead. 6. The position for prayer is standing. Space limited to describe further. 3. Yes. 4. I am not quite certain, think the R. C. Church. 5. No. Europe has tempted me successfully whenever I have had time at my disposal. Writing shows great geniality, some mirth, originality and perseverance, some intuition, and a very happy disposition, energetic, honest, not a bit methodical, but neat by fits and starts. Should like to hear again from your Hibernian settlement.

Lily of the Valley.—1. Paine's Celery Compound. If it tries you so much to warble to more than one don't warble. Why should you show your weakness? And pause to consider that nothing is more cruel than to ask a friend to submit them to the ordeal of hearing and witnessing your collapse. But I am afraid you won't do as I advise you. Don't put the wash on your hair; it will eventually injure it. Wash it occasionally with a very little ammonia in the water, then let it with a medium stiff brush and it will soon show the benefit of your care. Writing shows erratic and very strong impulse, great ideality, some amiability and caution, exaggeration and considerable energy. Take yourself in hand quietly and prune down the too flowing flourishes of your chirography and ideas and you will be all right. I judge you to be a very capable person, who is wasting her capabilities and time when she might be enlarging the one and improving the other, also who has a force of expression and sentimentality that aren't just within the ring fence of wisdom and common sense. I have too much regard for the brotherhood of physicians to direct you to the way of bewildering and bothering them. Now, though you may think I am unsympathetic, I am not; therefore despise my words, and write me whenever you feel like it.

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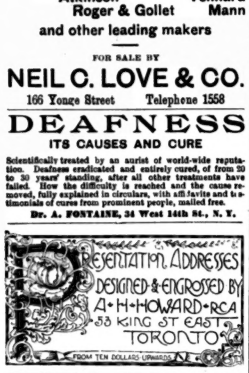


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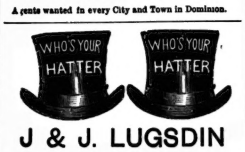


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Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.

**McCUAIG & MAINWARING**
18 Victoria Street

## Fathers - - and - - Mothers

**Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.**

**With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.**

**T. K. ROGERS**
522 Queen St. West TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street

## McKENDRY'S

**202 YONGE STREET**
**6 Doors North of Queen**

### SATURDAY

TO a general invitation to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT last week came a generous response, and at our Third Millinery Opening our showrooms were crowded with beauty and fashion. Seldom indeed has any store had such an appreciative people. The French Pattern Hats and Bonnets were greatly admired; even devotees of fashion admitted that our display far surpassed anything they had seen this season. Not a new shape but what we have got, not a new coloring that you can't see here, not a new idea in French, English or American millinery but what we catch up immediately and transfer it into shape and beauty to decorate the head of some pretty woman. When this store touches anything it must be of the best. Prices might lead some to think ours were common goods; not so, however, the cash purchasing power that makes our first floor "the talk of the town" is seen exercised here, and the same little prices prevail upstairs and down.

### MANTLES

Novelties in Beaded Wraps, just in from Germany, many of them exclusive styles, are laid out for your inspection, and you'll say when you see them our taste is good. We expect a big week's business next week from Monday (Bargain Day), till Saturday night. Every department will hum here. Let all the people come.

## McKENDRY'S

**202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen**

## Queen's Park Lots

I have still a few of those beautiful park lots for sale on Devonshire Place, Hoskin Avenue and Bloor Street. This property has just been laid out and put on the market by the University of Toronto. Sewers, asphalt, pavement, walks, trees, boulevards, etc., to be put down free of all charges to the purchaser. Nearly one-half of lots sold within the last five days. Will be the finest streets in Toronto. Apply at once to

**G. A. STIMSON**
York Chambers - Toronto Street

## AT THE BON MARCHE

**= FOR NEXT WEEK =**

## DOLLAR SILKS

**Rendered doubly attractive in consequence of their remarkable value**

## READ EVERY ITEM

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 15 pieces Beautiful Rich Gros Grain Silk, Black only, worth $1.50, price next week only | $1.00 per yard | 18 pieces Black Pure Silk Surahs, worth $1.55, price next week only. 18 pieces Black Pure Silk Merveilleux, worth $1.45, price next week only | $1.00 per yard |
| 14 pieces Black Tricotine Silk, an attractive pure silk material, wear guaranteed, worth $1.45, price next week only | $1.00 per yard | 22 pieces Black Duchess Satin. This line is a marvel of excellence, worth $1.50, price next week only | $1.00 per yard |
| 27 pieces Pure Silk Brocades, black and colored, choice patterns, worth $2.00, price next week only | $1.00 per yard | 13 pieces Black Mascot Silk, one of the best wearing silks manufactured, worth $1.40, price next week only | $1.00 per yard |
| 29 pieces, Black and Colored Faille Francaise, wear guaranteed, really worth $1 50, price next week only | $1.00 per yard | ONLY 9 pieces Rich Satin de Lyon. Every lady knows the value of this line, worth $1 60, price next week only | $1.00 per yard |

**Keep yourself posted by reading our advertisement in each of the city papers. Each week will bring forth fresh developments. Parties living at a distance kindly send for samples.**

**THE BON MARCHE - 7 and 9 King Street East**

## OUR NEW OPENING

After a lapse of two months, occasioned by change of premises, we have much pleasure in advertising the opening of our new stores at

## Nos. 6, 8 and 10 Adelaide Street West

opposite the Grand Opera House, after going to a very great expense. It is satisfactory to be enabled to announce that we have the most commodious, handsome and convenient establishment in the Dominion. Our past record will be ample guarantee of what our further claims on public patronage are, the increase in our premises enabling us to give much greater space, and devote further attention to each department as well as to make a much more attractive display of all the numberless articles of housefurnishing we propose to handle. But not only has the variety of articles been largely added to, but the style and quality of materials are of a much superior class to anything heretofore offered by city merchants. OUR ELECTRO PLATEDWARE, being purchased altogether from the well-known factory of the Meriden Britannia Co., is practically without a rival, either for quality, beauty, finish or durability. The Cutlery Department contains the production of the famed Joseph Rodgers & Co., Sheffield manufactories; and Lamp Department is also unrivalled for variety, style or price. The world-wide reputation of our Leonard cleanable refrigerator is sufficient to always ensure a steady sale. In Brass Goods our stock is more complete than in any other establishment in Canada. Kitchen Ranges and Stoves of the latest inventions at less than foundry prices. IRON, GRANITE AND TINWARE in every article appertaining to household necessities. In fact we boldly claim that for housefurnishing of every description no prudent purchaser can afford to pass the immense establishment of

## H. A. COLLINS & CO.

**6, 8 and 10 Adelaide Street West**

## ?

**WHAT IS THE**

## MASON AND RISCH PIANO?

It is the most unqualified success in
**MUSICAL ART MANUFACTURE**
which this country has as yet produced.

Only an instrument of which this is true could have elicited the following letter from such a pre-eminent source of authority:

*"The Mason & Risch piano you forwarded to me is excellent, magnificent, unequalled. Artists, judges and the public will certainly be of the same opinion.*
"FRANZ LIZST, the Great Maestro."

**HEAD OFFICE: 32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO**

## RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

## N. ROONEY

**Having decided to retire from the dry goods business, now offers his**

## LARGE WHOLESALE STOCK

**FOR SALE BY RETAIL**

**The stock comprises**

**Table Linens, Tablecloths, Napkins, Towellings, Towels, Plain and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Lace Curtains, White and Embroidered Quilts, Black Silks, Black Cashmeres, Black Crapes, Sheetings, Pillow Linens, Pillow Cottons, Etc., Etc.**

**This week will show 5,000 pairs Lace Swiss Curtains fully 33⅓ % under regular wholesale prices**

**N. ROONEY - - 62 Yonge Street**

## M. STAUNTON & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

## Wall Papers

Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

**Japanese Leathers**
**French Leathers**
**Lignomur**
**Lincrusta, &c.**

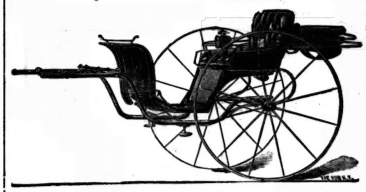
**Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match**

**WINDOW SHADES**
AND IMPORTED
**GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES**
**ROOM MOULDINGS**

**4 King Street West**

## CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

**The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way**



**BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS**

**Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.**

## CHARLES BROWN & CO.

**6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto**

## Freehold Loan and Savings Company

**DIVIDEND 63**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the Company, Church street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to 30th May inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, June 2, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board.

R. C. WOOD, Manager.

## Look for Progressive Euchre Presents

AT

**BROWN'S, 110 YONGE STREET**

**Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets**

*Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties*

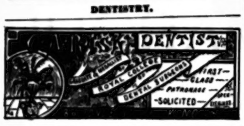
## FREE

Your Portrait in Crayon

With every dozen of our Cabinets I make a large size Crayon Picture of yourself. Satisfactory expression and artistic pose are some of the features of my work.

**LYON'S** PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

DENTISTRY.




DR. H. D. BOYES
DENTIST, ETC.
Room 26 Yonge Street Market, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
14 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266

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22 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

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DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

J. G. ADAMS
DENTIST
346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

Pike's Piano Polish
OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW
Without labor by the use of
P. P. P.
Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent polish which does not smear or finger-mark.
A Trial is Sufficient to Establish Its Merits
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 YONGE STREET


## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

McKENZIE—At Malton, Ont., on April 19, Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie—a daughter.
SHAW—At Hamilton, on April 22, Mrs. G. M. Shaw—a daughter.
TOWNSEND—On April 22, Mrs. Charles Jarvis Towesend—a daughter.
UPTON—At Toronto, on April 19, Mrs. Fred E Upton—a daughter.
FREEL—At Brougham, on April 27, Mrs. E. J. Freel—a son.
HENDERSON—At Toronto, on April 27, Mrs. David Henderson—a son.
MEHARG—At Toronto, on April 29, Mrs. A. J. Meharg—a son.
DUNCAN—At Brantford, on April 27, Mrs. W. C. Duncan—a son.
MELDRUM—At Wingham, Ont., on May 4, Mrs. J. A. Meldrum—a son.

### Marriages.

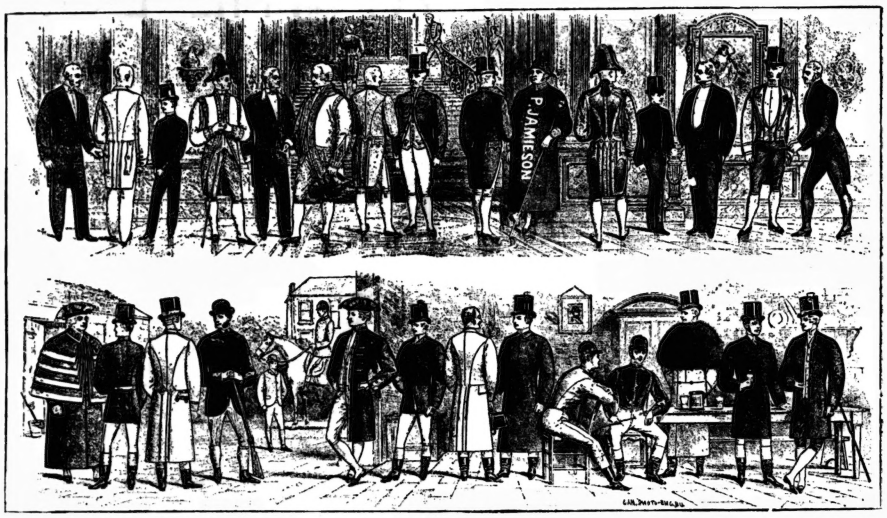
CASSELS—LOWNSBROUGH—At Toronto, on April 29, Walter Gibson Cassels to Esther E. Lownsbrough.
JONES—WESTREN—At Toronto, on April 29, Arthur Jones to Louie Westren.
SANDERSON—PEARCE—At Toronto, on April 29, Frank Sanderson, M.A., to Amy Pearce.
TYRRELL—GRANT—At Hamilton, on April 29, J. D. Tyrrell, M.A., of Toronto, to Rebecca (Appa) Grant.
WALKER—SIMPSON—At Toronto, on April 28, Harry Walker to Sarah Hannah Simpson.
WILLIAMS—SKEY—At Port Dover, on April 29, Harry D. Williams of Buffalo, to Louise Skey.
NICHOL—EWING—At Toronto, on April 29, Peter E Nichol to Christina E. Ewing.
LAING—CALDER—At Toronto, on April 25, John Laing to Harriet Calder.
HAMILTON—WALTERS—At Hamilton, Henry J. Hamilton to Mary Louisa Walters.
WEBB—FILDBROOK—At Toronto, on April 30, James Webb to Elizabeth Fildbrook.
PAGE—FINLAYSON—At Brockville, on April 30, James Albert Page to Olivia Cameron Finlayson.
PATERSON—PORTER—At Ottawa, on April 30, Rev. T. W. Paterson of Toronto, to Christiana Mary Porter of St. John, N.B.
FELLOWES—FLETCHER—At Worthing, Sussex, England, on April 14, Theodore Butler Fellowes of Woking, Surrey, to Ada Caroline Fletcher of Painsbury, Gloucestershire.
GALL—STIRTIVANT—At Toronto, on April 29, Thomas W. Gall to Mary Stirtivant.
SAWDON—APTED—At Toronto, on April 30, Thomas Sawdon to Fannie Apted.
MAHAFFY—THOMSON—At Toronto, on April 22, Arthur Arnold Mahaffy to Alice Rosalie Thomson.
GODDEN—ROSS—At Toronto, on May 5, Rev. J. K. Godden, M.A., of Barrie, to Miss Ross of Hespeler.
HICKSON—MATHESON—At Toronto, on April 29, Richard J. Hickson to Emily Laxford Matheson.

### Deaths.

THOMSON—At Ellesmere, on April 30, David R. Thomson, aged 69 years.
WILSON—At Toronto, on May 3, Mary Ann Wilson, aged 78 years.
CHAPMAN—At Toronto, on May 2, Mrs. John Chapman, aged 25 years.
MAUNE—At Toronto, on May 2, Mrs. Mary Maune, aged 89 years.
ROBINSON—At Toronto, on April 28, Ella A. Robinson.
McKINNON—At Markham, on May 3, Neil McKinnon, aged 56 years.
KING—At Toronto, on May 1, William King, aged 24 years.
CREIGHTON—At Ottawa, on May 2, Eleanor Eliza Dyett Creighton.
SULLIVAN—At Allendale, on April 29, W. H. Sullivan, aged 48 years.
SMITH—At Nottawasaga, on April 19, John Smith.
NISBET—At Toronto, on May 2, Verna May, youngest daughter of R. A. Nisbet, aged 1 year.
BARRIE—At Sarnia, on April 29, Mrs. Barbara Eunson Wilson Barrie, aged 57 years.
LEE—At Ingersoll, on May 3, John Lee, aged 54 years.
MEAD—At Toronto, on May 5, Mrs. Ada Mead, aged 31 years.
RUTHERFORD—At Hamilton, on May 2, Mrs. Deborah Sandham Rutherford.
SPEARGE—At Owen Sound, on April 23, Amelia Marjorie Spearge, aged 25 years.
RADCLIFFE—At Toronto, on May 5, Wilhelmina Rannie Radcliffe.
JOY—At Barrie, on April 22, Henry Joy, aged 61 years.
MUNN—At Bowmanville, on April 25, C. E. S. Munn.
NICOL—At Toronto, on April 22, William Nicol, aged 88 years.
O'LEARY—At Toronto, on April 22, Richard W. O'Leary, aged 52 years.
SIMPSON—At Mimico, on April 22, Mrs. Caroline Clark Simpson, aged 59 years.
VARDON—At Toronto, on April 23, Mrs. Eliza Rose Vardon.
PRICE—At Toronto, on May 4, Mrs. Sarah Price, aged 77 years.
MICHIE—At Toronto, on May 4, Forbes Michie, captain Royal Grenadiers, aged 35 years.
CALDERWOOD—At Rockwell, on May 3, Aggie Calderwood, aged 22 years.
KIDD—At Toronto, on May 5, John Kidd, aged 58 years.


TRY
SIMCOE
GRATED
PUMPKIN
CANNING CO.'S
MAKES DELICIOUS
PUMPKIN PIES

# COACHMEN'S LIVERIES




Yesterday we passed through the Customs a superb stock of Livery Cloth in all the leading shades, Drab, Stone, Slate, Blue and Fawn. We have the London and Paris Chart. We have also a fine line of Bedford Cord and English Whip Cord for Riding and Driving Breeches.

P. JAMIESON, Yonge and Queen

# OAK HALL

OUR assortment of Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits at present is at its very best. The styles are the newest, and the manner in which they are made is such that the most critical cannot help but be pleased. In addition to our stock of Tweed and Cloth Suits we have just opened out a magnificent lot of Linen and Nankeen Fancy Suits made in blouse waists and sailor styles. Our prices will be found reasonable.

OAK HALL
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

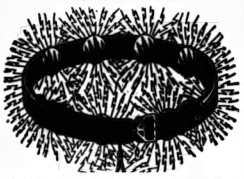
SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for storing carpets. Parties going to the country may leave them with us until their return. Send for price list. We have in stock Manley's Moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.

Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 2581 Yonge Street, 273 Spadina Avenue, 432 Queen Street West, 1,452 Queen Street West, Parkdale.

The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works
Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2626.
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Props.

GAS, ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES.
BENNETT & WRIGHT
72 QUEEN ST. EAST
TORONTO.

THE OWEN
ELECTRIC BELT
AND APPLIANCE CO.
Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000



71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada

Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM

is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN

The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

| | |
|---|---|
| Rheumatism | Disease of the Chest |
| Neuralgia | Spermatorrhea |
| Dyspepsia | Impotency |
| Sciatica | Sexual Exhaustion |
| Lumbago | Paralysis |
| General Debility | Spinal Diseases |
| Liver Complaints | Nervous Complaints |
| Kidney Disease | Urinary Diseases |
| Female Complaints | General Ill-Health |

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
11 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.

DIAMONDS.
G. E. TROREY
61 King street East, opposite Toronto Street

# REMOVAL

We beg to announce to our patrons and the public generally that, owing to our warerooms at 117 King Street West being destroyed by fire, we have opened out new warerooms at

89 KING STREET WEST

where we shall be pleased to meet our friends.

We have stocked those large and commodious premises with an entirely new stock of Pianos of the latest and most elegant designs from our factory, West Toronto Junction, and respectfully solicit intending purchasers and others to call and examine them. We are prepared to offer

Special Bargains for the Next 30 Days

Thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and soliciting a continuance of same in the future, we remain,
Respectfully,

HEINTZMAN & CO.
89 KING STREET WEST.

P. S.—Those Pianos are entirely new, our stock at 117 King Street West being completely destroyed by the fire.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'v

H. S. Morison & Co.

DURING THE MONTH OF MAY

We intend to make a Clean Sweep of our

Spring Mantles, Jackets, Wraps, Lace Garments

and we offer all these goods at bargain prices which cannot be equalled by any other house in the Dominion. A similar price reduction is made in our

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

and ladies who are desirous of buying the most fashionable goods at astonishingly low prices are cordially invited to examine these offers, with the earnest assurance that the earliest inspection will meet their highest expectations and requirements in styles, quality and prices.

We also beg to draw attention of the public to our
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING DEPARTMENT
under the supervision of Miss Flemming. The constant increase in this department is proof of its success. We guarantee every garment, and our prices are moderate.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street